

# THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

*A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration*

Vol. LXXV, No. 450

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May 1934

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# 33<sup>1</sup>/<sub>3</sub>

## WHAT PRICE PROGRESS?

### SHORTAGE OF COMMON SENSE IN AGE OF INVENTION

### UNACKNOWLEDGED REVOLUTION



At midnight on the 30th April the first third of the twentieth century was completed. Anticipating that there might be some argument about whether this period ended this year or last year, we obtained the view of the Astronomer Royal, he confirmed the fact that April 30th, 1934, was the official end of the first third. The question may follow: what of it? Quarters of centuries are familiar milestones, usually celebrated by international exhibitions, or other events of rich emotional, artistic, national or intellectual content. The half-way mark in the century is understandably a time for looking back, with regret if you are middle aged, with thankfulness if you are young. But why bother about the completion of a third?

Few centuries have been able to pack into their first third so much varied achievement, so many revolutions and so many disasters. We felt that some attempt to assess the achievements and record the changes that have filled these thirty-three years and four months of the twentieth century would have interest; would have, too, historical value; and particularly so when the record is related to architecture, the human activity which above all others takes the impress of its time and preserves the character of each period for the enlightenment of posterity. Architecture will not only record the social and industrial revolutions that have taken place since 1901; it will also record the revolution that has taken place in building and in structural technique, in the equipment of buildings, and in the larger organization of architecture which comes under the heading of town planning. (Incidentally the progress of lucidity in typeface design is indicated by the increasing legibility of the types used for this article).

We are today more acutely aware of the importance of planning in our buildings, our towns and our cities. It is that awareness, that livelier apprehension of the importance of common sense in everything connected with equipment, that makes the world we live in so different from the pre-war world. In the early years of the period which we are reviewing Professor Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie wrote a book called *Janus in Modern Life*. It was published in 1907. It was a disturbing book, and it showed the maddening effect inefficiency in planning had upon every acute and critical mind. The author indicted of "the strange lack of thought and adaptability in common matters of everyday life." He listed a number of complaints to support this statement and, in view of later achievements which we now regard as commonplace, his list of defects in everyday life has exceptional interest. He said: "The daily loss of time, and cost in trivial matters, which affects thousands of persons, makes a heavy tax on the whole. For instance, such a simple matter as putting the offices of a terminal station at the ends of the platforms is still ignored at many termini; the name of a station is often hard to find and is never once put up in most termini; the price of a ticket is often not to be discovered; the right types of carriages are only now being tried, after persevering in a wrong form for two generations. In the streets the same lack of sense is seen in the immense omnibus system, which is difficult to use, especially for strangers, owing to the lack of numbered routes and conveyances. It has been officially decided that the numbering of routes and omnibuses is beyond the powers of the London County Council; and we must be compensated by the pleasing reflection that something at least is too hard for that body. The thoughtless edict, however, was enforced that every vehicle must carry a white light in front, and all the distinctive colours of the tramcar lights were abolished, causing great inconvenience at night. Even in the most recent appliances the same dullness is shown; electric fans are commonly placed where they only stir foul air, and not where they draw in fresh air or expel used air. The whole lighting system still throws away two thirds of all its cost by lighting sky and walls as much as streets. In every direction it seems hard to believe that five minutes' thought has been given to matters costing thousands of pounds. If we trace such a mixture of design and of chance in any other subject it would lead to some curious speculations on the implied limitations of the directing Intellect. And in private matters it is the same; the extraordinary blunders and oversights in common trade work show that the most obvious details have not had a minute's real thought given to their arrangement. The result is an accumulation of difficulty and muddle which cripples, if not destroys, the purpose of the work. This persistent dullness, and incapacity for management and design, shows a defect of character detrimental to the whole community."

We have passed through a great period of make-believe in architecture to a time when we are making tentative acknowledgments of the possibilities the structural revolution has thrown open to us. The revolution which changed the structural character of buildings had taken place before the twentieth century began. Improved mechanical services for buildings, lifts, electric light, highly efficient ventilating systems, and the perfection of economical heating (such as the panel system), all now contribute to make modern architecture independent in character; and, before the war, a few voices crying, of course, in the wilderness acknowledged this disrupting fact. For example, in 1910 the late Professor W. R. Lethaby, in a paper delivered before the R.I.B.A., said: "The method of design to a modern mind can only be understood in the scientific, or in the engineer's sense, as a definite analysis of possibilities—not as a vague poetic dealing with poetic matters, with derivative ideas of what looks domestic, or looks farmlike, or looks ecclesiastical—the dealing with a multitude of flavours—that is what architects have been doing in the last hundred years. They have been trying to deal with a set of flavours—things that looked like things but were not the things themselves." He concluded this paper, given in an age when classic facades and "free" interpretations of Jacobean and semi-baronial elevations were being unpinned from hundreds of drawing-boards and tacked on to hundreds of steel frames in streets that had a tradition of dignity, by saying:

"The living stem of building-design can only be found by following the scientific method."

The war shook things up so thoroughly that immediately afterwards, under the powerful and quite natural desire to get back to pre-war conditions, we find a pseudo-Georgian revival, planting here, there and everywhere in the country agreeable buildings; and we find the banks, fresh from their ponderous amalgamations, expressing their dignity and solidity in classical terms. The five Orders of architecture have become, for the big five, the insignia of impeccable respectability; rather like old school ties.

Meanwhile, on the Continent, things were stirring. The first outward and visible signs of Continental influence came not from France, but from Sweden, for the 1923 Exhibition at Gothenburg had a profound effect upon English taste. Sweden was discovered by England; and we can never be quite sure whether the credit for the discovery belongs to Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis or to the late Sir Lawrence Weaver. Unquestionably the public exposure of our own forms of taste, industrial, traditional and artistic, which took place the following year at Wembley, was not uninfluenced by the small scale Swedish example of Exhibition *decor* which had preceded it.

The next notable example of foreign influence operating on English taste in building and the allied arts was the 1925 Paris Exhibition. The first observable effect of the event was upon the furniture trade, and that industry has not yet recovered from this particular injection of foreign inspiration. In architecture, the external influences of the Paris Exhibition have been confined to the occasional substitution of fruit salad motifs for the hallowed acanthus leaf. But these foreign influences have been superficial although their scars are still with us. The real trouble began with the importation of sermons by functionalist Puritans (or alternatively puritanical functionalists), like Monsieur le Corbusier. Now, owing to the effect of these sermons, and the examples of building they have produced abroad, we are in that uncertain and difficult position which attends the possession of what is described as "an open mind." Into this open mind all the modern materials, many of them of respectable pre-war standing, have been dropped with a metallic clatter. Slogans such as "Out of the ground into the light" and "The house is a machine for living in" have been bandied about by the architecturally half-educated, and a number of crude enthusiasms, adopted merely because they were new and not because they had any other ostensible merit, have enormously hampered conscientious designers who desired opportunities for imaginative development. Architecture has been "taken up" by so many semi-intellectuals that the scientific and logical use of the building materials that are today available is often tainted with concessions to a "modernist" fashion.

In asking the questions: what have we achieved and where are we going in architecture? we could supply from the evidence afforded by the different sections of this issue a number of reassuring statements. We are shaking off make-believe. It would have been impossible for any English architect to have produced a building like the new *Daily Express* building, or Mr. Joseph Emberton's Universal House before the war; not because the materials for such forms of architectural design were not all available, but because it would have been completely impossible to persuade any patron to accept such a design. Also, that free and vigorous approach to the logical use of materials had not developed in pre-war times. Today we have got efficient and economical systems of heating, of ventilation, of lighting, and of power in buildings. We have got all manner of refinements in materials such as plywood, which since the war has attained many new forms; and glass which has multiplied its functions, and acquired some exceptional properties (such as a quite untraditional toughness and the power of admitting natural ultra-violet radiation). In the metals, stainless steel and various plated finishes have made it possible to change the whole point of view about the use of bright expanses of metal. No longer have such displays of brightness to be related carefully to the labour available for keeping them in condition. Cellulose paint, the technique of spraying paint, and innumerable plastic, metallic and fire-hardened materials, and an enormous array of patent composition boards, have made it perfectly possible for the modern building to be a light and airy skeleton of metal, weighing less, costing less, and looking far more intelligent, and being, in design and arrangement, far more practical, than the pre-war type of steel building veneered with ponderous stage scenery of expensive stone.

We have arrived at this stage of partial acknowledgment of the scientific attainments and structural technique of our own century, and it is appropriate that we should have done so at a time when the extensive rebuilding of residential areas is an actual possibility. Since the war, office accommodation in London and in some provincial cities has been rebuilt very largely. In London it has been rebuilt almost entirely without reference to twentieth-century architectural technique. Our great merchants and traders now labour in an assortment of inappropriate exaggerations of Greek and Roman temples or imitations of pavilions at the 1925 Paris Exhibition. If such surroundings have a debilitating effect upon the financial mind, an explanation of the crisis of 1931 becomes at least plausible. The opportunity of re-housing commerce appropriately has been missed. Whether we shall re-house our suburban and slum dwellers in a logical and intelligent manner depends not upon the intelligence of the architects concerned—if it was dependent upon *that* all would be well—it depends upon the intelligence of patronage; upon the intelligence of municipal bodies and housing corporations and trusts. It depends finally, that is to say, upon the accountant; and the modern architect who wishes to build for his own century has the best argument in the world for gaining the support of the accountant; it costs less to build logically with the wonderful array of materials that this age possesses, than it does to hide the light of the twentieth century behind the old clothes of the eighteenth.

## INJECTIONS OF FOREIGN TASTE

SENSE +  
NEW MATERIALS=  
? ARCHITECTURE

## THE NEW PATRONAGE





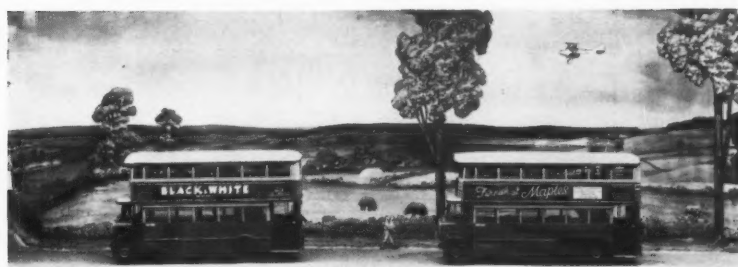


# STREET SCENE 1901-1934

"Piccadilly, Strand, Bank ! 'Ere, y'are, lidy." In those days the conductor's voice was not drowned out by the rasp of gears and the purr of engines. Also the bus driver was a social institution ; a sort of traffic and turf gossip exchange ; a provider of shrewd commentaries on the life of London. And London smelt of the stables, and not of the garage.




Then came the motor ; first as a joke (from which Mr. Punch, incidentally, has never recovered, for since 1905, or thereabouts, a pedestrian *versus* motorist joke has been an almost weekly feature), and then as a developing convenience. The ladies were nervous of skidding ; and those early buses were always skidding ; always breaking down, too. And the diversity of them : there were Arrow buses, painted yellow ; Union Jack buses, in bright blue ; Vanguard, in white ; Great Eastern, in cerise ; and the National steam buses in white. The "Generals," then, as now, were scarlet and gold. And just before the war, the M.E.T. buses brightened the streets with royal blue ; but they were "called-up" in 1914, and since then the "General" has grown into such a luxurious and commodious vehicle that it excels in comfort many private cars. The comment of the gentleman in "Punch" who said to the conductor of one of these moving palaces : "Bit of orl right this—'ave you got beds upstairs ?" vividly suggests the standard of comfort the modern bus designer has achieved. ]



"The best way to see London is from the top of a bus," said Mr. Gladstone (was it in 1881 ?) ; but the L.G.O.C. has, literally, put the lid on that.

The illustrations on this page, reproduced by courtesy of the London Passenger Transport Board, are photographs of a panorama of London's traffic, which is one of the sights of London, and can be seen in Hyde Park Corner Underground Station.





## In Memoriam.

The Great White Queen is dead! Silent is the voice that swayed the councils of the world and stilled the riot of savage rebellion; vanished is the figure that beaded British Sons up the steps of Empire. Slowly, as the wounded body voices its pain, the sons of the great Empire are to-day realising their loss; the first numbness past, the sharper pangs of grief have now their bent. Thus, mingled in common sorrow, the tears of many peoples proclaim the virtues of our late Queen.

Thus for her and for us passes away the glory of this world. Full of years and honours, our Queen has foregathered with her fathers in the Light; and naught remains to us but to treasure in sweet Memory's storehouse her just actions that shall blossom afresh in the lives of those who follow us. In her children's hearts the Great Mother lives again, not as a great Queen only, but as a woman, glorified by all the virtues that beautify her sex. In that the nations combine to do her honour they are our kinsmen in grief. From the three corners of the world comes a swelling chorus of praise and lamentation. And to this last great paean of glory we add our humble tribute note.

## God Save the King!

"It appeared as if some monstrous reversal of the course of Nature was about to take place. The vast majority of her subjects had never known a time when Queen Victoria had not been reigning over them. She had become an indissoluble part of their whole scheme of things . . ."

Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria."

The nation went into mourning: conversation sank into whispers whenever people met. The scene in the Park, from Noel Coward's "Cavalcade," at the head of this page, symbolizes the hushed perplexity that had descended upon England. The profundity of the country's sense of loss was reflected in the newspapers, generally with dignity, because the Press had not yet developed the dramatic stridency that would have caused editors to regard the event simply as "something to be put over big and black." Even the professional Press was affected. To the left is a page from "The Architectural Review" for February, 1901.

The illustration at the top of this page, and those on pages 157, 158 (bottom) and 159, are from scenes in the play of "Cavalcade."



# THE SOCIAL SCENE

## 1901-1934

By Holbrook Jackson



WHEN the century was little more than a year old, Mr. H. G. Wells reminded members of the Royal Institution that human society had never been quite static and "would presently cease to attempt to be static." "Everything," he said, "seems pointing to the belief that we are entering upon a progress that will go on with an ever widening and ever more confident stride for ever." Thus the character of our kinetic age was anticipated.

The era which has been bisected by the Great War has broken all revolutionary records. Revolutions have overthrown the Russian, German, Austrian, Turkish, Portuguese and Spanish monarchies, and counter-revolutions have played havoc with the results. Stalin, Mussolini, Hitler, men of the people and unknown before the War, now bestride their nations (and the imagination of the world) like Colossi. Great Britain has shared in the general upheaval. We have lived to see Ireland and the five Dominions republics in all but name; Labour Governments and a Socialist Prime Minister ruling a Conservative House of Commons; women M.P.'s; Adult Suffrage; reform of the House of Lords; Old Age Pensions; Unemployment Insurance; the recognition of Birth Control; a General Strike; the Bank of England off the Gold Standard; and the death of Free Trade. The mechanical achievements of the period are as start-

ling. Man has played the part of conquering hero on land, in the air, and under the sea. Dirigibles and aeroplanes have girdled the earth and overtopped Everest; submarines have explored the depths of the seven seas and machines have been driven at the rate of 400 miles an hour.

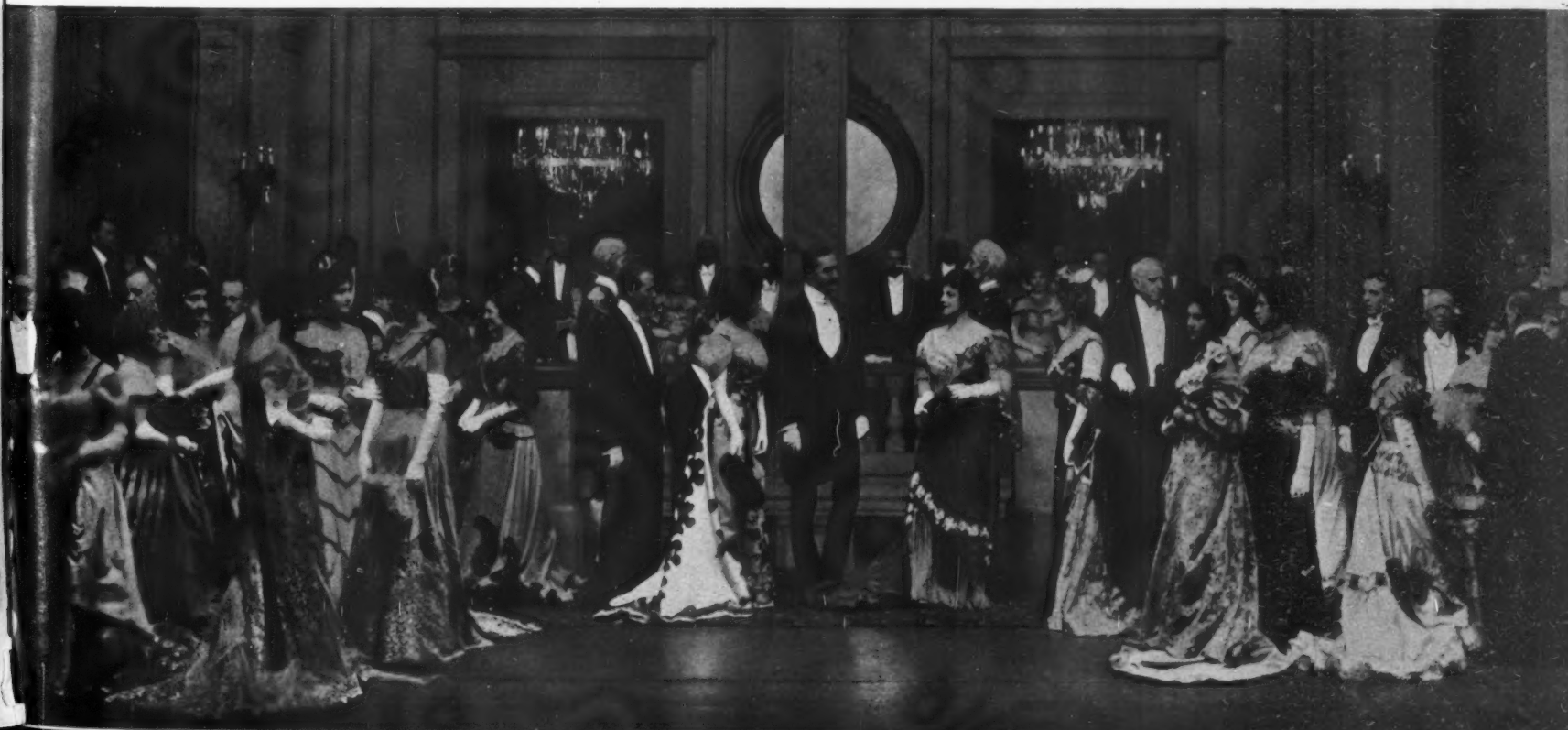
When the old century closed many people thought something was going to happen; and although some hoped for the best, even they believed that the ship of civilization was slipping her moorings and putting out to sea without enough ballast. Such fears were encouraged by the death of Queen Victoria at the dawn of the new era. It seemed that with her the last guarantee of stability had faded out. The gloom was only partially cleared when the curtain was raised on the garish Edwardian interlude. Things were not the same. The King himself had a past, and still wore a merry eye, a decided tilt of the hat, and a long cigar. Such signs of gaiety were unusual in high places. Yet it was hoped that the responsibilities of monarchy would have a steadying influence. The times were inclined to be lawless, and a good example was needed.

Such thoughts were obviously not unwarranted. The nation was audibly champing at the Victorian bit. Young people demanded more freedom and were

"The gloom was only partially cleared when the curtain was raised on the garish Edwardian interlude."

treating their elders with a novel tolerance. Women were a bother. They were beginning to go to theatres unchaperoned, to ride bicycles and mount to the tops of omnibuses; and Mr. Max Beerbohm noted a growing demand for cosmetics. Elders shook their heads: were their anxieties coloured by intimations of the growing demand for votes, and, possibly, for contraceptives? Even sport and business were affected. There was a tendency to live by proxy. Watching rather than playing became the only form of athletics for numerous men. Other countries began to win sporting records hitherto reserved for us. Our overseas commerce was challenged. The Prince of Wales (now King George) told England to wake up, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain preached the heresy of Protection. The working class was developing political consciousness; democracy, it was rumoured openly, was coming into its own; people demanded more wages and more leisure; girls found jobs in offices and shops rather than in kitchens and parlours; a Socialist "agitator" in a cloth cap had taken his seat in the House of Commons; and Government was developing an ominous habit of interfering with the sacrosanct liberty of the subject.

The stage was obviously set for a strong new act in which the fears of the late Victorians were to be abundantly justified. But familiarity breeds contempt even of danger, and the belief in security had been



so firmly re-established that the declaration of War caused a surprise from which we have not yet recovered. No one wanted war; many thought war could never happen again, and the greatest of all wars could only be conducted on the promise that it was a war to end war.

That such an event could have been unforeseen and unwanted is significant. A new world was bursting into life with formidable powers at its disposal which few observed intelligently and still fewer thought of controlling. That it should have got out of hand is no longer surprising. Machines and mechanistic ideas were allowed to take command. The ideal of a society stimulated by morality, graced by the arts, and soothed by religion, was surrendered to mechanized industry. Rationalization, standardization and efficiency began to rule our lives and the world set itself a new ideal of trying to live up to its machines.

Everywhere it began to be evident that habits were being adjusted to mechanical devices. For good or ill we have enthroned the machine and our technique of living is being changed accordingly. Civilization is now mechanization. Machines have changed habits in the past, but not on a universal scale. Railways drew towns closer together and steamboats shortened the distance between countries; but motor-cars and aeroplanes have annihilated time and space. The internal combustion engine has started the first world-revolution. In the past two decades it has produced more changes in habits and manners than have previously occurred in a hundred years or more.

Our roads, houses, clothes, incomes, habits and manners are being adapted to



the demands of this invincible machine. Easy transport has discovered a universal desire for travel. We no longer have an excuse for sitting still. The appearance of the country is already transformed by motor roads, petrol stations, garages, wayside shops, refreshment huts, "road houses," country clubs, golf courses, direction indicators, advertisements, and attendant armies of A.A. and R.A.C. scouts, breakdown gangs, ambulances and "speed cops," to meet the immediate needs of our Robot King. And in addition the new mobility has thrown out ring after ring of suburbs, evoked eruptions of dubious villas along the new roads, and planted week-end cottages and bungalows on hitherto inaccessible sea-cliffs and mountain sides, for it is the first wish of every motorist to live as far away from his business as possible, just as holidays are spent driving away from home. The vast activity is stimulated by advertisement and by hire-purchase, a convenience welcomed by a generation of men and women who are at present disposed to make surprising sacrifices in order to possess a car. And for the first time in history an industry has become more devastating to human life than a first class war. There were nearly a quarter of a million road casualties last year.

A period which has produced so great a change in habits may lay some claim to originality, but the novelty of its contribution takes the form of development rather than actual invention. The seeds of mechanical revolution were being sown throughout the nineteenth century. The petrol engine, radio, sound reproduction, the cinema, and flying machines are inheritances which, together with the

"There she goes, Bert—right over!"

"Coo—don't look safe to me!"

"Well, I say it's unnatural, and they're always having accidents."

"Wonder if it's Grahame-White?"

"Is that what they call a bi-plane, Ted?"

"They'll never be any good, those things; dangerous nonsense—ought to be stopped."







CIVILIZATION 1914-1918

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE  
CHU CHIN CHOW



In those days the railways kept their rolling stock brightly painted. The L.S.W.R. carriages were pale orange and dark brown ; the L.B. & S.C.R. engines were vivid yellow ; the G.E.R. engines were a rich, royal blue ; and the L.N.W.R. coaches were white and dark brown ; but the passengers were sombre in tone, their clothes sedately dark, as this view of Waterloo Station suggests. (Reproduced by courtesy of the Southern Railway.)

change from rule-of-thumb to the scientific organization of production and a general improvement in machinery, have released forces which we have not yet learnt to control. The modern world has not caught up to its gadgets, and doing has so far outraced being, that we are at present faced with the paradox of destitution in the midst of plenty.

In the realm of ideas there is a greater show of originality, or of restatement which amounts to originality, even if many of the lost causes and impossible ideals of the nineteenth century are still current and responsible for much confusion. Yet here also mechanical inventions are mainly responsible, especially those associated with the diffusion of education and entertainment. Information, drama, and music are now so rapidly democratized and so indifferently digested that the mind of the nation has become as flat as a motor road. Everybody knows a little of everything, but action is preferred to thought. The man in the street involuntarily reflects the ideas of the intelligentsia he ignores or despises. He may never have heard of Bergson or Spengler, Freud or Russell,

Eddington or Curie or Rutherford ; he may grin when the name of Bernard Shaw is mentioned, or confuse Einstein with Epstein, but in his own way, he also is under the influence of current ideas, and may express the time-spirit by wearing the uniform of a party, or by adopting tastes imposed by the commercial arts.

The desire for uniformity is as insistent among the majority of people as the desire for personal variety among members of more exclusive classes. Varieties and distinctions exist, of course, in all classes, but they are not always obvious, and although the period is enamoured of change, and undoubtedly disputations, there is a definite desire for leadership and a readiness to accept even new political conditions if they are presented with sufficient emphasis. All but the eccentric willingly and even enthusiastically conform, at least outwardly, to popular tastes and fashions. Such pliability has its perils, for a population so conditioned is exposed unduly to the attacks of predatory advertising and propaganda which may not always be disinterested. At the same time an amenable crowd must be a comfort to

rulers, provided that they know how to control it generously and intelligently. Examples of this acute desire to be led is evident in the growing custom of proclaiming political faith by wearing shirts of a special colour, and there can be little doubt that without the black shirts of the Fascisti and the brown shirts of the Nazi, those most characteristic of modern forces would not have achieved such rapid success. Uniforms are popular only when they give distinction without eccentricity and it may be that in a world which is increasingly at the mercy of mass hysteria, the possibility of salvation by uniforms is a discovery of supreme political value.

In spite, however, of the diffusion of knowledge and entertainment and a widespread capacity of adaptation to complex circumstances, not all find contentment amid so many marvels. Restlessness breeds restlessness. And although there have been many reforms, both social and political, and considerable amelioration of hardship, especially in the treatment and prevention of disease, none of the major problems of living have been solved. Our ingenuity in mechanical invention is





Now the people are brighter ; in the mass their clothes have colour and lightness. Look at this holiday crowd at Waterloo today. But the railways have lost their gaiety. The Southern paints its coaches dark green ; the

L.M.S. favours dingy crimson ; only the G.W.R. preserves its pre-war colour—warm creamy yellow and brown upon its carriages. Only the Underground has used brighter colours since the war. (Photograph by The Topical Press.)

unprecedented, but our lives are still dogged by war and poverty and disease. The central act of our drama was the Great War and it seemed to release and focus generous emotions—but the promises have not been fulfilled : the war to end war has not ended war, neither has the world been made safe for democracy, nor England fit for heroes to live in.

Yet it is possible to recognize the beginnings of a more ordered and gracious civilization despite so much stupidity. A new sense of design has come into art and affairs which may do more for the amenities than all the precepts of the past. We are more inclined to live experimentally and the War has taught us to take risks. Boldness is forced upon us also because, having broken with the past, we are drawing entirely upon our own resources. The traditions and standards of the age of machines are in the making. Mechanization and standardization have opened as well as closed doors, and the very accessibility of knowledge is leading to a new faculty of selection. The cinema with its impermanent franknesses, the gramophone with its risk of boredom by repeti-

tion, and radio with its sheet-lightning glimpses of ideas, are producing a reaction in several directions against mental experiences which are not self-induced.

In the meantime we live in a world suffering from growing pains, and strive consciously and unconsciously for a new mode of expression and a more convenient technique of living. This may explain contemporary restlessness. Machines can satisfy our wants but not our needs. The break with tradition has thrown Art back upon experiment. Painters and poets, composers and novelists and sculptors are trying things out, seeking new forms which shall have a modern and innate justification, without compromise with accepted taste or understanding. Thus we have the prose of James Joyce and Gertrude Stein, the poetry of T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden, the paintings of Picasso and Wyndham Lewis, the music of Schönberg and Bartók, and the sculptures of Archipenko and Epstein, which are not amenable to popular exposition, and, unlike the fine arts in the past, may never be. But they are symbolical of an experimental period which has witnessed unperturbed

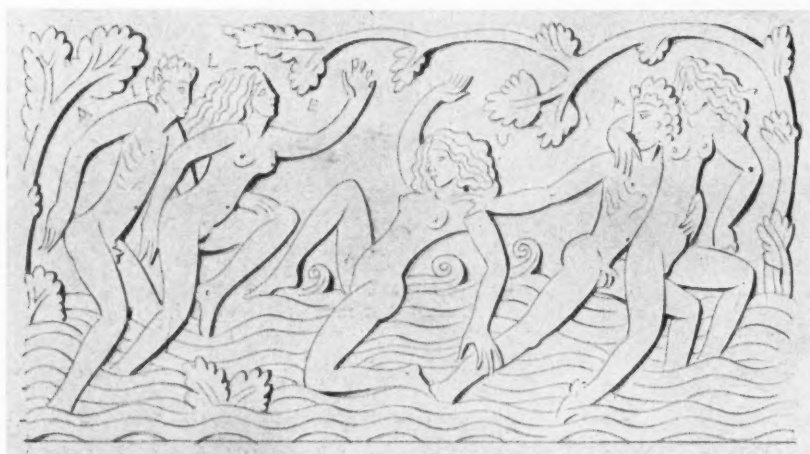
the panorama of Post-impressionism, Futurism, Vorticism, Vitalism, Cubism, Sur-realism, Functionalism, and Da-dalism.

The failure to find solutions for urgent problems such as unemployment and the other symptoms of a commercial system in transition, has thrown doubt upon the efficacy of politics, and brought both democracy as well as plutocracy under suspicion. The war ended in contempt for the old era and its familiar divisions of master and man ; king, parliament and people ; and it is only now being realized that whatever caused the catastrophe there is a reaction against the kinds of government which produced and tolerated it. The War ended with the fall of kings and plutocracies and the enthronement of social democracy, but after a brief trial, amidst bitter antagonisms and fierce factions, government by popular consent has been abandoned in Russia, Italy, Germany, Austria and Turkey, and the dictatorships established in those countries are likely to find imitators elsewhere if future crises are muddled by parliamentarians. It is significant that the two most distinguished of English post-war

leaders in opposition to the reigning parties, Sir Stafford Cripps and Sir Oswald Mosley, are converts to dictatorship, and in Ireland the government of Mr. De Valera is threatened by the blue-shirted legionaries of General O'Duffy.

The political struggles of the post-war period are rapidly defining themselves. Both Communist and Fascist, although opposed to one another, are united in their determination to rid civilization of *laissez-faire* in politics and industry. In the government of states and businesses it is now too costly to leave things to chance. The imagination of the world has been stirred by the Five Years Plan of Soviet Russia, and the spontaneity with which the people of great powers like Italy, Germany and America have sacrificed personal interests to the commonweal indicates the birth of a new statecraft and a new patriotism.

This spirit is gradually shaping into a recognition of the right to enjoy life and a desire to make enjoyment accessible to all. Nowhere is it more evident than in the growing concern for the common amenities threatened by the all-conquering machine, the passion to preserve rural England, the hatred of noise and litter, and the general demand for clean and convenient dwelling places. During the first half of the period



"When the war came Picasso's attitude to art was seen to be the only possible attitude to life itself in the new conditions. The first shell blew nineteenth-century Romantic Individualism to blazes." R. H. Wilenski's *Miniature History of European Art*.

"But we are still making things and still building buildings according to the dregs of the fashions of pre-industrial times. We've got an industrial world and we are proud of it (are we not?), and we have got industrial art—but it is nothing to be proud of." Eric Gill's *Beauty Looks after Herself*.

Above: "Night." One of the sculptures by Jacob Epstein on the façade of St. James's Station.

Left: "High Jinks in Paradise." The first design by Eric Gill for wall decoration in the lounge of the Midland Hotel, Morecambe.

Below: "Harlequin with a guitar," by Picasso.

the decorative arts had not shaken themselves free from the world-wide influence of the Arts and Crafts movement of the eighteen-nineties with its mediæval inspiration and its repudiation of machines. Modern design works with, not against, the machine, with the result that a new spirit has entered into the decorative arts which is altering and improving domestic and public taste by insisting upon a convenient relation between form and purpose. The results are as startling as they are admirable, and are beginning to improve the aspect as well as the convenience of urban life.

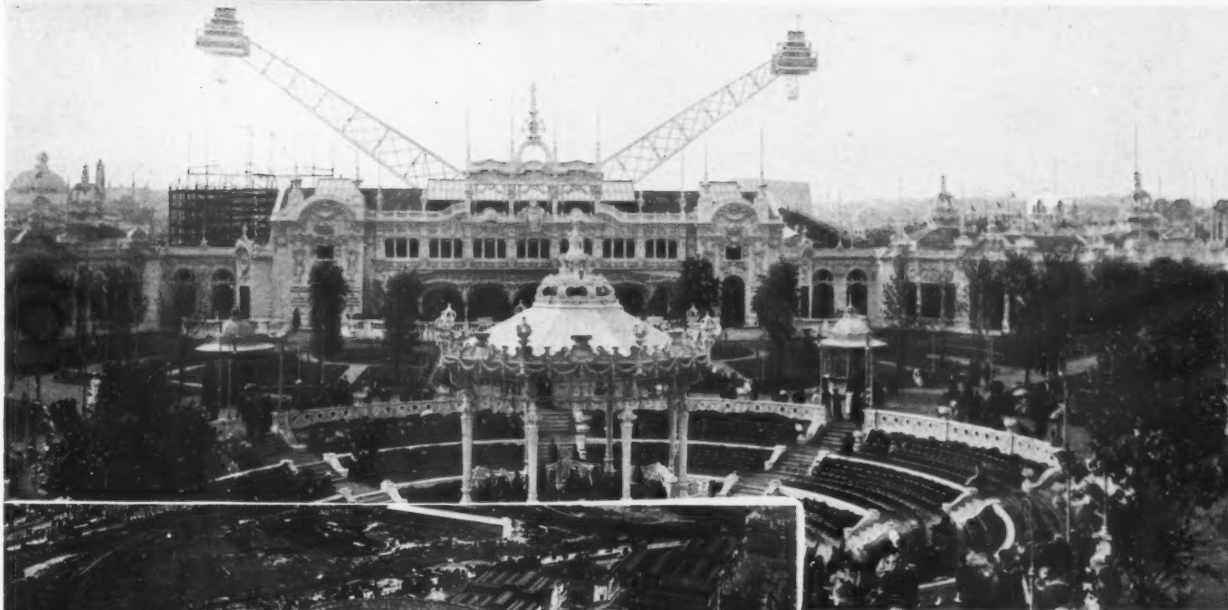
In the immediate past beauty in architecture and equipment was reserved for public buildings and private mansions, and during the nineteenth century, and in some other centuries, too, it was determined by past rather than present conditions. Modern taste insists upon beauty of technique and its expression in terms of the present. Factories and railway stations need no longer be eyesores. Kitchens and sculleries are not fit for their purpose unless they are pleasant as well. Even churches can combine modernism with reverence, and blocks of flats, towering offices and palatial hotels add a new distinction to the beauty of cities. It is characteristic of the age that this new and beneficent movement, which may solve problems where statesmanship has failed, has been brought about by the joint efforts of engineers, architects, and business men. That, perhaps, was inevitable for the modern impulsion of the decorative arts, although at its best possessing characteristics common to all forms of art, has no immediate artistic origins. It was utilitarian at its inception and the direction of its growth was imposed upon it by mechanical conditions which it could not control, but which it had the good sense to see that it could use with attractive results, if purpose or function were courageously served. Fortunately for the new movement it began more or less in practice rather than in theory, and it has proceeded successfully with the minimum of precept because it is allied with the growing principles of discipline by means of which a world weary of revolt hopes to bring order out of chaos.





**"OH, LISTEN TO THE BAND,**

**HOW MERRILY IT PLAYS—"**



It used to play at Earl's Court, and later at the White City. The fun of the fair was always on tap in London before the war. The Big Wheel at Earl's Court (top) was scrapped early in the first third; but by 1908 the Flip-Flap (centre) at the White City was solemnly upraising its arms, bearing aloft the fluttering flappers of that gay, almost-emancipated age. Now the White City except for the Stadium (bottom), which has gone to the dogs, is derelict; the flip-flap has been in repose for years. Is the fun of the fair in cold storage too? (Photographs of the Big Wheel and the Flip Flap: Rischgitz Collection. View of the Stadium: Aerofilms.)



# MEN WHO HAVE MADE THE MACHINE AGE



**WILBUR WRIGHT** [1867-1912].  
Was the first man to fly a heavier  
than air machine.



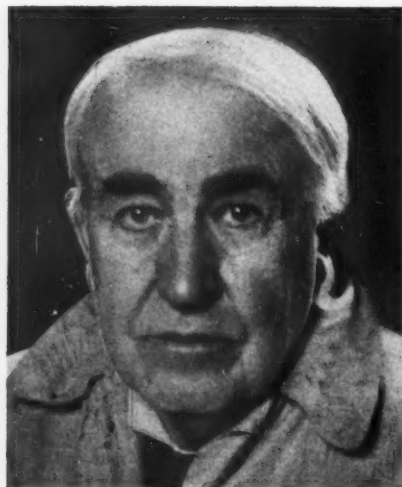
**ORVILLE WRIGHT** [Born 1871].  
Invented the aeroplane controls  
used at the present day.



**HENRY FARMAN** [Born 1874].  
The great pioneer of flying in  
Europe.



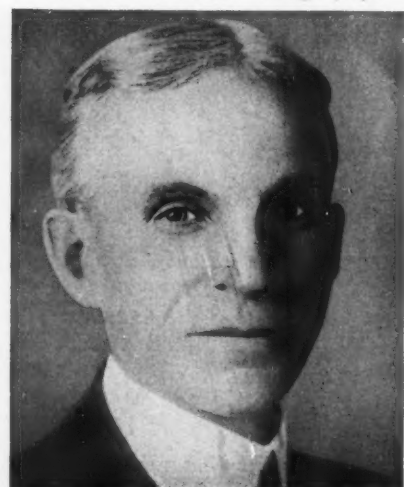
**GUGLIELMO MARCONI** [Born 1874]  
Invented Wireless Telegraphy.



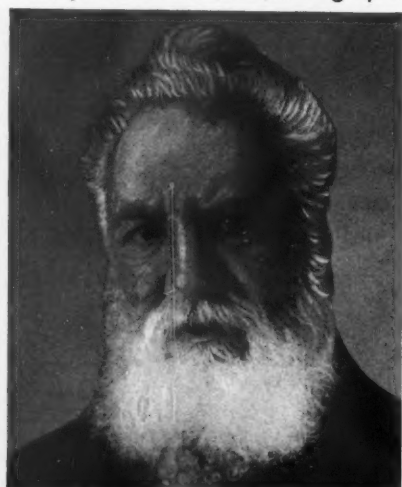
**THOMAS A. EDISON** [1847-1931].  
Principal invention, cinematograph.



**J. L. BAIRD** [Born 1888].  
Invented Television.



**HENRY FORD** [Born 1863]. Pioneer  
of the cheap motor car.



**GRAHAM BELL** [1847-1922].  
Invented the Telephone.



**WILHELM KONRAD RÖNTGEN**  
[1845-1923]. Invented the X-ray.



# SCIENCE AND SOCIETY

1901—1934

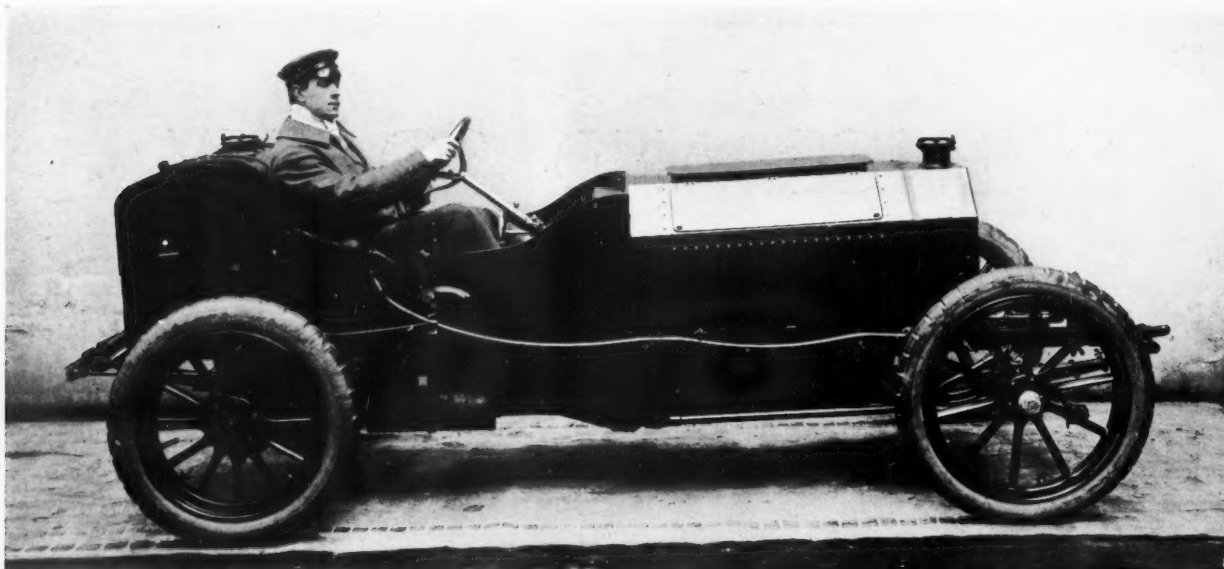
by GERALD HEARD

If you came back to England after a continuous absence on a coral island during this third of a century which closed last month—would you think the place transformed? Pretty certainly not. The buildings are a little higher here and there; the streets have far fewer horses; the prophecy of the motor has been fulfilled and the trains of large, carapaced buses are so dense that their aluminium painted roofs, following one another down the stream of traffic, look like a lumber jam on a Canadian river. At night, too, letters of fire, which used to be the vehicle of revelation, flash and glitter everywhere, but though the means may be bright the messages are mostly the same old advertisements of a generation ago. Yet the changes have been revolutionary. This, then, is surely an unprecedented state of affairs—a generation of unparalleled change has evidently been using its powers almost entirely to make that change as little evident as possible. Architecture itself illustrates the way the revolution has both gone on and how we have concealed it from ourselves. Appearances have been kept up, traditional frontages have been preserved, façades are unchanged. All the while, however, the structure which carries the façade has been transformed. A mask hides from us the fact that now quite another character stands behind the appearance. When then we would gauge change we have to remind ourselves of the care which has been taken (an intense care and a strange skill) to cover up, to make things look outwardly the same.

Our eyes can hardly rest on anything, we can hardly examine a single substance we now use without discovering this revealing fact about it—that because we fear our powers of change we are using our powers to disguise the change. The greatest change in our building materials is ferro-concrete. In the last thirty-three years it has spread into almost every line of building. Yet how often can the casual sightseer recognize the fact? Sometimes, as at Orly in France, he sees in the great hangar there, something which is obviously a new sort of building resulting from the use of a new sort of building stuff. Sometimes, as in Freyssinet's work, he sees a bridge which he must instantly recognize no other age could have built, into which a new conception of design has gone. In the main, however, though the way the buildings around him hold themselves may have changed, they take care to tell the man in the street nothing about it. Looking at their faces you would think they never had heard of anything except what Sir Christopher Wren might have told them—and perhaps are innocent of that. Nor is this due to the academic conservatism of Institutes or Fine Art Commissions. They only reflect the conviction of the vast majority of us. The fittings in our houses, just as much as their façades, show we fear change. One of the most influential discoveries in applied science has been the discovery of plastics. The

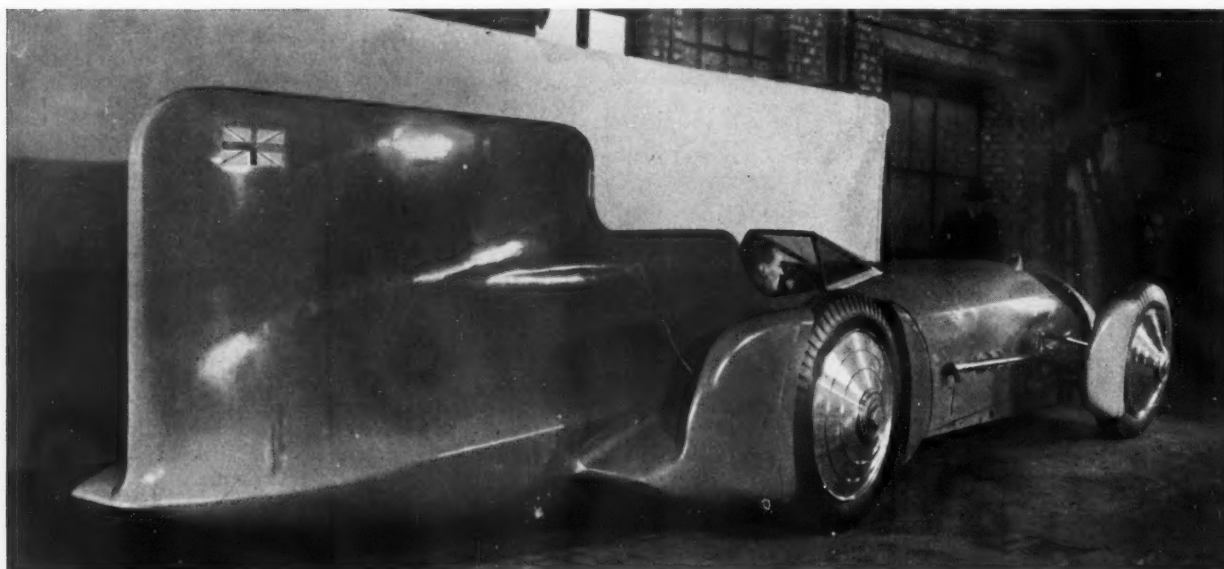
brilliant and ingenious invention of the synthetic resins crowned a number of researches which give us stuffs which can be poured and moulded like plaster, are tough like wood, electrically non-conductive like glass, uncorroding unlike metal. What we have done with plastics is illuminating. We have been frightened at something so "natureless," so accommodating. We have tried to make it look less characterless, less "menial." So we "grain" it to look like wood, fleck and mottle it to look like horn and ivory. It is the same with our revolutionary research work into new textiles. Acetate must be artificial silk: spun glass must look like cotton. Even rock has been made into a textile but it must be "rock wool." In short, the main task set applied science has been to make its new materials look like the old. As the supplies of the original stuffs give out under the insatiable demands of our huge populations and science finds us unlimited new supplies, these cannot be admitted until they are made up to look like the old. We feel lost without the familiar flecks and flaws in things. The accident of texture, the fact that the piece of wood or ivory with its core and grain was not originally made for the purposes to which we put it, saves us from the full responsibility which the flawless plastic places on us—to find our pleasure in it solely by the purpose to which we put it. The same strange symptom of insufficiency in ourselves is illustrated even by synthetic jewels. Save for diamonds, it is now possible to make nearly every precious stone at insignificant cost in an electric furnace. The artificial stones are more flawless—naturally, because Nature's are accidents. Are we pleased to have Aladdin's gift? It seems not. Indeed, it seems possible we shall soon be treasuring natural stones because they are flawed.

So we see this is the paradoxical condition of our generation as far as science is concerned. Our very powers of change have permitted us to keep things as they were, as no age without our powers of radical alteration could have preserved them. The evidence of new forms around us would have been far more obvious if our scientific knowledge had been less radical. For then the exhaustion of our original materials would have compelled completely new methods, whereas today we can, through unexpected powers of transforming utterly unlike stuffs, make it appear that nothing has changed. So, in building, we do not make the structures which the latest materials would, because of their new strength, permit. We fear the unfamiliar forms, the spareness and the lankiness which would result. Even the motor-car, because it was designed by the specialized scientists and the artists shrank from such a horrid novelty, is only a horseless carriage trying to apologize for its lack of prow by putting there a "bonnet" with the engine under it, when efficiency would have had no bonnet, and the engine at the back. Thirty years



*Mr. S. F. Edge in his racing car (1905). Even the motor car, because it was designed by the specialised scientists and the artists shrank from such a horrid novelty, is only a horseless carriage trying to apologise for its lack of prov-*

*by putting there a "bonnet" with the engine under it, when efficiency would have had no bonnet and the engine at the back. Reproduced by courtesy of The Rischgitz International Art Supply Agency.*



*Sir Malcolm Campbell's racing car. Thirty years have passed before we begin to get rid of this obsession—that the ghost of a horse is still in front of the car—and begin to think of designs*

*suited to a motor, rather than designs disguising its essential nature. Railway coaches endured the same ancestral disabilities. Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Thomson and Taylor.*

have had to pass before we could begin to get rid of this obsession and begin to think of designs which suited a motor rather than designs to disguise its essential nature. The aeroplane alone, because there had been nothing like it (save the box kite), quickly got free and gave us our one new form which, by taxing its material to the utmost and shaping itself to the air current as a yacht shapes itself to the sea, gives us tensile beauty and dynamic line. The 'plane is our one indubitable work of contemporary applied art. Our timidity is, however, not the only reason why science has been allowed to show so little change in our lives. Of its nature Science, because it means increase of force, means also in nearly every case, sooner or later, reduction in size. An automatic is more deadly, but also, if you do not know what it can do, less impressive than a blunderbuss. Our

age as far as it is really scientific is dynamic, not static. We are more interested in liners than in cathedrals, in motors than in mausoleums, in speed rather than in size. And this demand for ever greater speed not only reduces mass, it is also always discarding the machines which were the height of efficiency but which today are clumsy and over complex. More and more monster plant is obsolescent before the paint is worn off it. The really scientific management scraps ruthlessly all such elephants which have gone prematurely white in these accelerated times. They are not worth their keep. The gigantic express engines on our lines are now in danger of swift extinction from the super-streamlined rail coach, just as the giant saurians were pushed off the evolutionary main line by the slender quick-moving mammals. And efficiency means



Top. The first true aeroplane, the Wright brothers' biplane. Compare not merely size but structural changes between this experiment and the air liner. Reproduced by courtesy of "Flight." Centre. The aeroplane alone, because there had been nothing like it (save the box kite), quickly got free and gave us our one new form, which by taxing its material to the utmost and shaping itself to the air currents as a yacht shapes itself to the sea, gives us tensile beauty and dynamic line. This illustration of the "Hercules" airplane is reproduced by the courtesy of Imperial Airways. Bottom. The airship, though dangerously large and so unlikely to have a long future at its present size, nevertheless even now illustrates how the medium of the air has shaped this craft so that the form which the water imposed on the fish, the air has imposed on this swimmer of the skies. The illustration is of the Graf Zeppelin, and is reproduced by courtesy of "The Times."







*Lord Wakefield's speed boat "Miss England III." High speed demands have also begun to shape the speed boat. Note how some of its above water lines are approximating to those of the submarine, because it is faced with air pressures which are approaching those of the water through which the submarine noses its way. Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Thornycroft.*

reduction in size not merely in moving machinery but in all plant. Such structures as the Forth bridge are already hopelessly inefficient. Far too great a part of their strength goes to the task of holding up their own immense weight. They are relics of the steel age. The great bridges in the United States are already being reconditioned with duralumin and other alloys, a reconditioning which in the end will greatly reduce their mass. Even our latest country-wide scheme, the grid system, with its pylons striding over hillsides and stretching their cables over estuaries, is in reality only a temporary shift and scaffold. As transmission of power increases in efficiency all this pylonage will become as out of date as telegraph poles. As the Post Office is burying its cables as fast as it can, so as soon as it is safe will high power bury its channels, and who dare say when such conduits will be no more needed because power will be transmitted directly by "beam" and no longer need to have its path made for it? Certainly such a reduction in size has been illustrated by the progress of news-transmission. Radio is the scientific invention which has perhaps most influenced our generation. At the beginning it has given us super-masts,

huge colonnades of latticed towers marching across the skyline. Already that stage draws to its close. The very success and rapid advance of radio has overcrowded the "ether" and compelled research to discover finer channels, smaller beams to get through congested space. At the same time efficiency has found how to get as far with ever less power, and less power means less plant. In short, the more dynamic an age, the less it shows, the smaller the equipment it needs, and so the less outwardly does it appear to differ from the age it has left behind. We have less desire, less accumulated energy to heap up great works, which may be achievements in themselves, because our minds and eyes are now ranging the whole world. First came the animated pictures, in the Edwardian era, an occasional novelty for the grown-ups and a treat for children—a scientific toy which had entertainment possibilities. Then came the news that in Australia, "cinemas" (shocking word) were opening where people actually went as they might to a public-house, to wile away an odd hour. Rapidly the cinema grew until it had become an essential news channel where people could go and see for themselves whatever the cameraman—and he is brave enough to



*Another example of a craft which has been shaped not by conditions but by immediate pressure of circumstances. Note the likeness to the shark, perhaps the most efficient of all the fishes. Reproduced by courtesy of the Imperial War Museum.*



be shot at—has the courage to shoot. The cinema was hardly established before people began to be amused by the thought of wireless telegraphy. The war came, but to this invention it was a forcing house. The war over, as Dora regulations flaked away, it was discovered that broadcasting was just ready to hatch out. Few people realized how it had come about. Still you will find persons who remark: "Just to think radio has been going on all the time and we never knew about it!" They still think of wireless waves as super-sound waves which their voices must always have been sending out. The world knows the name of Marconi and even that of Hertz, who had studied the transmission of radio waves.



*The aerial post at the Rugby wireless station. Radio at the beginning has given us super-masts, huge colonnades of latticed towers marching across the sky-line. Already that stage draws to a close. The very success of radio has overcrowded the ether and compelled research to discover smaller beams. The photograph is reproduced by courtesy of the Postmaster-General.*

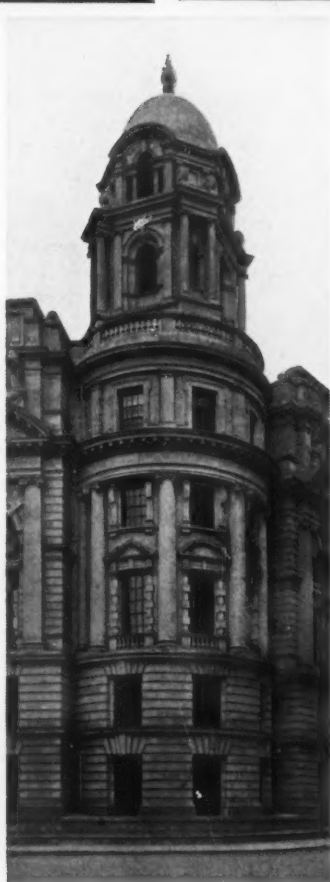
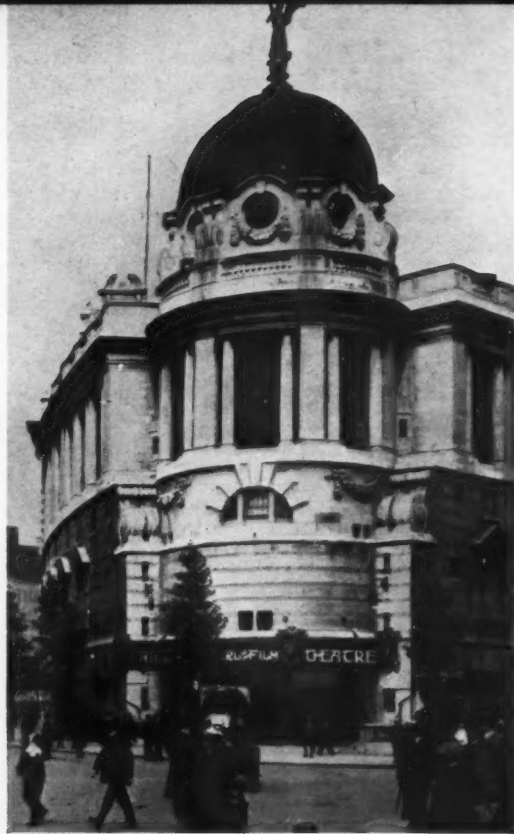
It should know with equal familiarity the name of J. A. Fleming, the man who in 1904 made the first thermionic valve. For without this valve with its almost unbelievable power of amplifying the weakest electric currents known—such as can be carried by wireless waves (so that when thus magnified a million-fold they can affect a diaphragm which in its turn makes audible sound waves)—radio would still be impossible. This valve is perhaps (as Americans say) the most pivotal invention of the age, for not only has it allowed the vast development of radio, but it has also permitted advances which otherwise would have been impossible in pure research. To it we owe our knowledge of the electrical currents of the body—how every nerve message is an electric impulse—and of the electrical charge of the living cell—how each of the millions of cells which compose our bodies has around it an electric charge on which its nature depends. The other "pivotal" invention, closely allied to the thermionic valve, is the photo-electric cell. This cell, which modifies the electric current flowing through it according to the light that falls on it, has, it is obvious, given us another instrument of almost magical detective and transmissive powers. Any change in illumination here can be transferred wherever an electric impulse can be sent (and however weak that impulse can be brought up to required strength by the valve) and at the other end that impulse can be turned back again into light. The practical applications of which this invention is the essential pivot are the talkies (where the talking voice is recorded

as a "sound strip" on the side of the film which carries the picture) and television: while already it offers us a method of making music directly out of shadow-graph frets which, run in front of a light-slit, will make, "synthetically," any musical note required. It is now possible, literally, to write—in a series of tooth-like jags—music and more to make by the edge given each "tooth" not merely the note but the quality, whether of wood-wind, of string or metal.

Yet here again we may ask ourselves when we review these, the inventions of our time—which are our peculiar achievements—How have we used this power up to the present? With the talkies, have we really attained a nobler expression than with the silent film—not a very exacting criterion? Will the use of Television be better? Are our composers held back from creating fresh masterpieces because they have really been waiting for this new method of dispensing with the cost of an orchestra?

We shall not, however, understand our age and its peculiar, scientific achievement if we content ourselves with blaming our lack of capacity to live up to our scientific opportunities. It is the very success of science which beggars our invention of forms which might express, if not contain, this strange power. That is the really significant thing about the scientific advance of this thirty years and its real effect on us. Our lack of proportionate outward achievement is not due merely to our timidity in the face of a deluge of power. It is because physical science of its own nature gives us, and can give us, no clear vision of how we are to shape its powers and materialize its forces. Science, because it has advanced so quickly and penetrated so deeply, has reached a level where its ideas are working in unpicturable forms. The representatives of Michelangelo and Leonardo today are no longer plastic artists, but artists who are so "pure," so "unapplied," that not only do they need no model to show their design—as the composer may compose his symphonies without instrumental aid—but more, they are working with designs which are incapable of being rendered by model or picture, but only in mathematical symbols. As Lotze said, we must face the fact that the essential nature of a thing, its real description, is not to be given in terms of appearance, is not what it looks like, but what it does. Such ideas have been dismissed as metaphysical and of no bearing on our lives, but here today they are undoubtedly causing our present quandary. It is because science is now wholly concerned with a dynamic world of ceaseless activities and no substance that our invention today can only attempt to re-create the past or put the responsibility of design on the exigencies of engineering. Down into the maelstrom of featureless energy have escaped the springs of our design.

Our age, then, stands at pause, possessed of powers which seem to daunt capacities. Here is the reason of our arrest and confusion and why science has made so little difference. The future, however, need not be one of continued arrest. As we realize that there are no moulds any longer without us in which our invention may be shaped, we shall turn to the study of ourselves and no longer leave invention to accident and design to a study of the past. There is hope that through the last of the sciences, psychology, we may learn to discover those basic æsthetic patterns which Empathy has begun to show are inherent in our minds had we only the insight to express them. This Thirty-three years may prove, then, in spite of much remarkable achievement, to have been really an age of accumulation, a period of coming to ourselves before entering on an age when the world will really be transformed because we shall have not only the power to do so, but the design.



# The Architectural Scene 1901-1934

**I**N 1901 I was surveying the architectural scene from the office of John Belcher. As a participator in the scene, however small, one cannot help giving a personal view. Naturally, though we had just lost Beresford Pite as head draughtsman, we thought Belcher's the best office in town, and we pretended to think, if we did not really do so, that it was turning out the best work in the country. Aston Webb's office was larger, but then, he just did any Government work which came along. Ernest George's, too, we recognized. In those days the great offices were like the public schools; some we knew, some we had merely heard of. I do not remember that we thought very much of Ernest George's save for his own sketches to be raked over for something picturesque whenever a new job turned up, and for the growing reputation and good stories of Guy Dawber and the young Lutyens. With us Beresford Pite was still a great name, and secretly we gave him a good deal of the credit for the Chartered Accountants' Institute and for that fine romantic design with its two Greenwich domes and great semi-circular court between them for the South Kensington Museum, sent in under Belcher's name. We were taken round in the luncheon hour from Hanover Square to see that Michelangelesque house of his in Mortimer Street, with its great lean figures climbing out of the windows, and were duly impressed. Architectural training, if such it can be called, was an entirely personal matter. The only classes were evening ones at the A.A. and elsewhere. One learnt more from the architectural gossip and criticism which followed the visit of Adshhead to the various offices. He was the Farey of those days, but a bit of a philosopher too, as he has always been. With no formal education to speak of outside the offices and no real teaching inside—the masters were far too busy—we divided into

*The French phase. The graceful "Morning Post" building in the Strand, by Arthur Davis (top left), as it was before the "Morning Post" sold it to its present proprietors, who have destroyed its outlines and thereby done damage to an important centre of the town. Right. The Gaiety Theatre, London, by Norman Shaw when in retirement. This building, at an opposite corner to the "Morning Post" building, made a great contrast to it. It has the gaiety of the bulldog breed, and is a good example of the heavy rustic classic which Norman Shaw introduced. Bottom. Some of the results of Norman Shaw classic. Left. A corner of the Belfast City Hall, by Brumwell Thomas. Centre. The War Office, London, by William and Clyde Young, and Sir John Taylor. Right. The Mersey Docks Board Offices, by Briggs and Wolstenholme, F. B. Hobbs and Arnold Thornely.*



By

Professor

C. H. REILLY

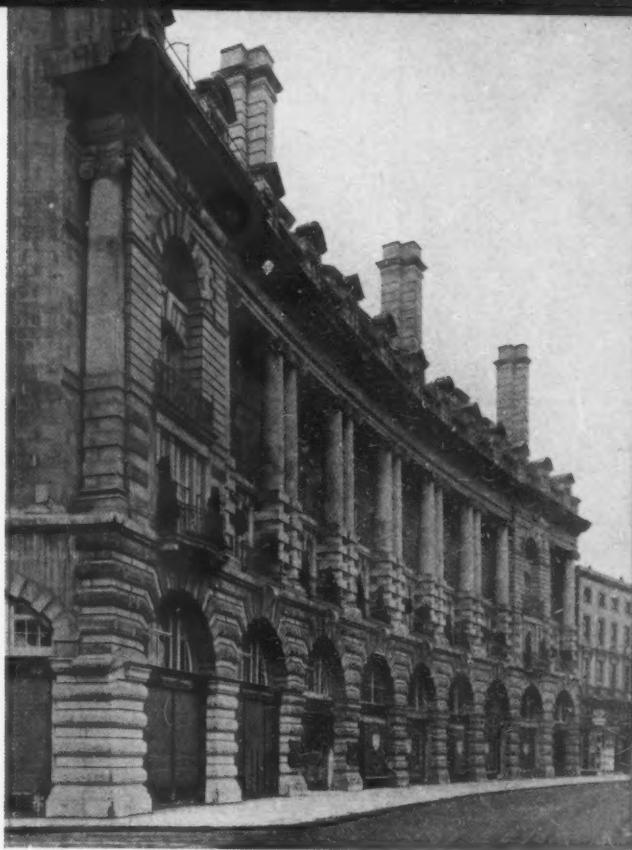
cliques, admiring certain types of work, often mere tricks of detail and not necessarily by our own master. Indeed, I well remember in Belcher's office how we used to laugh at another piece of sculpture being dabbed on a building. We suggested a very non-architectural reason. We said it meant another sculptor's vote at the R.A.

The Royal Academy counted far more in those days than it does today, praise heaven, and the old man theory of architecture then prevalent was largely due to its influence. There was even a great gloomy deity in the background who had given up his office, but nevertheless, as a consultant, produced from a little room above a mantelpiece in his house at Hampstead one coarsely classical design after another of a type which later became the vogue. The deity's name was Norman Shaw, and it was a name to conjure with, and still is, I believe, in certain circles. In this way Norman Shaw, in the early part of the century, produced the Gaiety Theatre, with the gaiety of an elephant with its legs in the air, and the heavy monumental mason's design to house the little milliners of Regent Street, which Sir Reginald Blomfield had to embody in his Quadrant. It was really rustic classic, the work of a strong Gothic man, who had, as his sketches show, made a deliberate study of the picturesque, feeling his way for the first time among the Orders. If someone like Adshead, with a real knowledge of classical architecture and possessing at the same time a fine taste, had been a Royal Academician, and especially a retired one working at home and waited on by Government officials, the whole course of English architecture in the present century might have been different. Regent Street would certainly have been light and elegant from end to end and the reaction against the Orders, which we now see on every side, might have taken the gentler Swedish

form of lengthening them out and playing with them, instead of the puritanical German form of total prohibition. I should not be surprised if Wornum's new R.I.B.A. building, graceful and elegant as it promises to be, may not yet have something of this effect.

The amateur classic of Norman Shaw, reviving as it did immature styles like Queen Anne and Early Georgian, led in less skilled hands to vast suburbs of restless houses and to hotels and liners full of Ionic columns, clumsy fireplaces and ceilings dripping with huge east wreaths of fruit and flowers. It may be said it is not fair to blame one man for all this. It is not really. He should have died in the decent obscurity he obviously desired when he refused a baronetcy. It is the Royal Academy, or rather the snobbishness of the nation in its attitude to that body which is at fault. By putting Norman Shaw on a pedestal and by making a god of him and by raising his followers to smaller pedestals, the harm was intensified. I do not suppose Sir Reginald Blomfield would have designed the drawing-room at Brocklesby Park, here illustrated, but for Norman Shaw. Sir Reginald's taste, if one may judge from his Regent Street work, has a French side to it which makes for refinement. Yet this drawing-room today seems the unfortunate ancestor of the kind of hotel and liner design which makes us appear so frumpy and provincial to foreigners of taste.

Apart, however, from what one may, perhaps, be allowed, without offence, to call the Blom-Shaw strain (by Blomfield out of Shaw—the sporting simile somehow seems appropriate), there came into vogue a little later on other personal strains which had an almost equal influence, until at last the Schools of Architecture began to put a brake to this uncritical form of hero-worship. The two next strains were, I think, the Rickards strain and the Lutyens one, both due to real



of children's bricks. Behind these grim arches, and catching an occasional glimpse of the sky between the columns, the little modistes and milliners were to carry on their business as if in prison. Such was the functional architecture of the period. Centre. Norman Shaw and water, with a little syrup added. An insurance office in the Strand, by H. T. Hare. This is the building in which the architect, as if repenting of the licence he had allowed himself down below, where he has planted a number of large but

**More Norman Shaw.** The great retired Academician proposed to rebuild the whole Regent Street Quadrant on both sides of the street in the massive but elementary manner of his Piccadilly Hotel, top, a style rather reminiscent

loosely dressed women on pedestals, in dangerous proximity to the street, has covered his roof with rustic stones. Bottom. The drawing room at Brocklesby Park, by Sir Reginald Blomfield, a forerunner of many hotel and liner interiors.





A Voysey house. Charles Voysey is still happily with us to see a simplification overtaking all types of building similar to the one he started at the beginning of the century for the smaller country and suburban house. His whitewashed cottages, with their thick buttressed walls and long windows with bright curtains, were a telling rebuke to the gim-crackery which had grown up by Norman Shaw out of Queen Anne.



Centre and bottom. Two early Lutyens houses. "Grey Walls," Gullane (centre), perhaps the most charming of all his country houses, which, with its curved front and happy composition as well as by its broad surfaces of beautiful materials, has a welcoming effect on the visitor achieved by few modern houses. It is by this type of



carefully balanced building with its stretches of good surface that the architect has had so valuable an influence on current domestic building. Bottom. "The Orchards," Godalming. A more picturesque and earlier type of Lutyens house, in which house and garden are at least happily married.

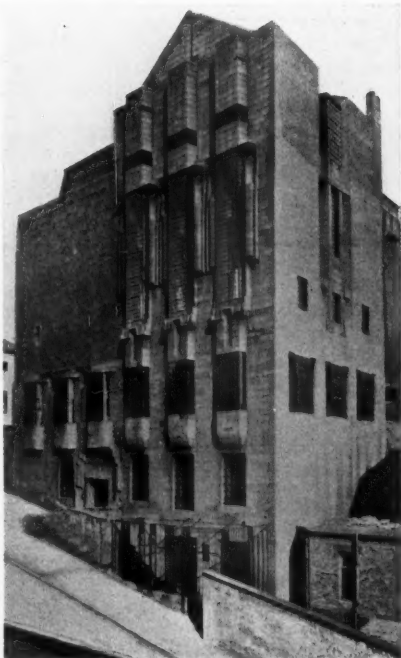
personalities with, in my opinion, real genius attached. Then came the external influences: first the French, with the Beaux Arts methods introduced by the Schools, then the American influence, then the Swedish, and last of all the German, all fostered in turn by one or other of them.

Running through all these strains and influences, like the still small voice of conscience, however, was the voice of Lethaby crying, I am afraid, largely in the wilderness, yet giving an uncomfortable feeling to many in that super-comfortable pre-war era. Now, of course, with the predominance of the fitness for purpose school of thought and D.I.A. propaganda generally, he has come into his own. Indeed, he should today be canonized as the martyr or saint of the new era. How foolish we all were not to listen to him earlier. If only he had built something to explain and justify his sermons! I remember, to my shame, soon after I was appointed at Liverpool, carrying on a controversy with him in the pages of the old *Athenaeum*, where I defended the classical orders as a necessary alphabet and he, in his charming way, explained that to be a scholar in a dead language was not necessarily to be an artist. Finally there was that small but potent seed being planted at Glasgow by C. R. Mackintosh and in various secluded spots by Charles Voysey, which brought forth its more romantic flowers in Vienna by the hands of Otto Wagner and Joseph Hoffman.

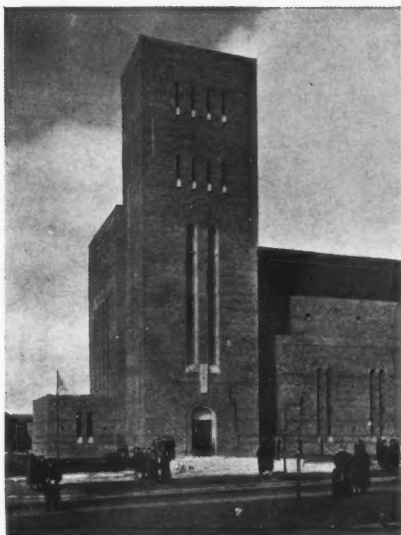
The Rickards' strain was a very powerful one. His splendid drawings and the extraordinary verve he put into them, as into everything he said or did, made his baroque detail so much more exciting and attractive than the heavy Shaw stuff. The tower at Cardiff, the front of Deptford Town Hall and the lower portions of the Central Hall, Westminster, with their impetuous effervescing but controlled ornament, were infectious things, and though many tried—far too many—none could wield his pencil or pour out his ornament. I watched him at work on the Westminster half-inch detail and marvelled at the mixture of Roman armour and lovely ladies on this supposedly religious building. He said, and this was typical of the time, designing first and finding a meaning and a reason afterwards: "What should Lanchester tell the Committee all this means?" I remember I suggested it might be called "the whole armour of God," and I suppose it went through at that. Some day, when we are tired of our new mechanical rectitude it may once more be appreciated. This Viennese stuff of Rickards soon degenerated in other people's hands. The successful competition folk like H. T. Hare began in consequence doing, not real controlled baroque like Rickards' work, obeying the internal laws of its own being, but untidy sloshy classic with columns and pediments everywhere and generally with ladies in loose garments slipping off the latter. There is a good example in the Strand in an insurance office of



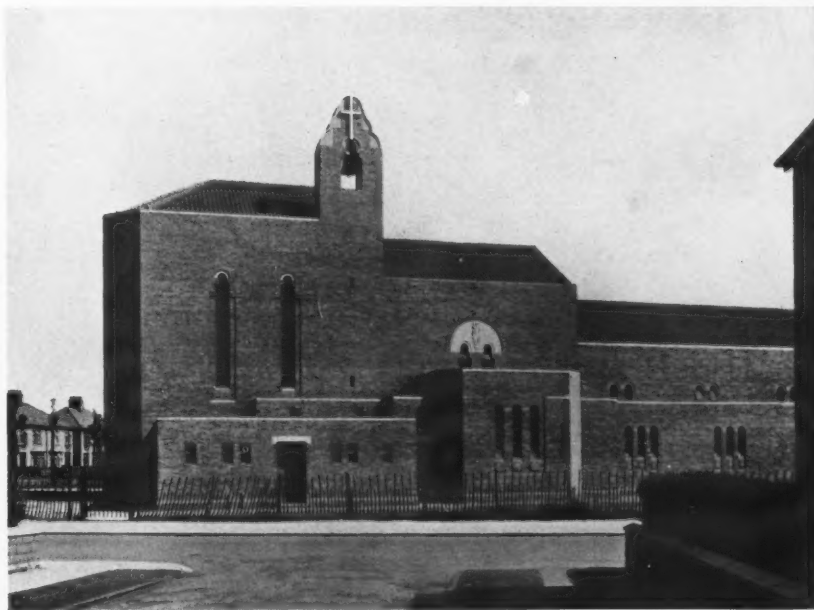
The Children's Clinic, Hackney, by Professor Adshead and Stanley Ramsey. This is a good example of the simplified elegant classical architecture developed from the Regency with which Adshead and Ramsey's name will always be connected. If those in authority had turned to men of their knowledge of the classical forms and motives, Regent Street might have been saved and modern English architecture might have followed a parallel line to modern Swedish.



The Glasgow School of Art (1894), by C. R. Mackintosh. This is always stated to be the first building of the modern movement, which then transferred itself to Vienna and died in the coils and curls of the "Art Nouveau," to be resuscitated in modern "functionalism." It is certain that Mackintosh deliberately broke away from both classical and Gothic traditions and found his decorative motives in his necessities, as in the play he has here made with his windows.



*Church at Blackburn, by F. X. Velarde. This recent church in a new municipal suburb, where the little houses make a useful contrast to its austere masses, is one of the best achievements of the present. Its author has demonstrated that the new freedom in the hands of an artist can be used today to express the devotional spirit with more success, no doubt because with more sincerity, than the old traditional forms. Externally the church is faced with narrow, deep orange, Stamfordstone bricks, and narrow black bricks have been used to define the stepped horizontal bands.*



*St. Columba's, Anfield. A new church at Liverpool, by Bernard A. Miller, in silver-toned bricks and with a green-glazed tile roof. This church, though more traditional in detail than the Blackburn one, is equally free in its mass composition. The site is a triangular one. At its apex the architect has placed a lofty chancel with bare octagonal walls containing the altar. One enters at the far end into a comparatively low nave and sees before one a gradually rising church ending in the drama of the altar, with its lofty background running up out of sight. At the bottom of the right-hand column is St. Paul's, Derby Lane, Liverpool. A beautiful early church in silver-toned brickwork, by Sir Giles Scott, from which everyone has learnt.*

Hare's in which, as a sort of penance, perhaps, for letting himself go down below, he has covered his roof with rustic Gloucestershire stones. It was to make a definite stand against this slipshod classic that the Liverpool School, long before the war, made and published measured drawings of severe classical work like the exterior of St. George's Hall and reintroduced rendered drawings. As a survival, I suppose, of the Gothic days thick line drawing was then in vogue, especially in competitions, leading to coarse detail in real life and to the neglect of the study of masses and planes for that of ornament.

The Lutyens strain, as potent in the domestic field as the Rickards' one in the urban, came about first, I think, through his interest and skill in the use of materials, but, of course, as one fine house followed another in quick succession every one, laymen and architects alike, was attracted to his work. I imagine no architect in his lifetime has seen come about so many palpable imitations of his detail and design generally. As, however, the imitation Lutyens house depended on its use of materials for its chief interest and not, like the imitation Shaw one, on a borrowed style, it may be safely said that Lutyens has improved our suburbs as much as Shaw spoilt them. The little post-war municipal houses would have been much more like speculative builders' villas but for him. In his larger buildings, too, his deep knowledge, especially of Wren's methods,



*Gascoyne's early drawing of Liverpool Cathedral showing more clearly than the half-finished building, Sir Giles Scott's dominating idea of a symmetrical building grouped round a central tower. The detail of the building as we know it may be more traditional than in his more recent churches, but the main masses indicate the new freedom the century was to produce.*



*Above is the chancel of Liverpool Cathedral. Only Seville can show a comparable vista or such long elegant lines to the piers.*







*Above are two buildings, the Town Halls of Cardiff and Deptford, by Messrs. Lanchester and Rickards: and below a drawing by Rickards of the central motive of their design for the London County Hall, chosen to show the latter's skill in baroque detail and draughtsmanship. The Deptford building (top right),*

*with its figures of admirals in niches on the facade, and its general air of the ornamental stem of an old ship, is one of this master's happiest general compositions, while the Cardiff tower is one of his most graceful pieces of detail. Rickards brought the "Austrian baroque" to London.*

has saved them from being the easy prey of unskilled imitators. Curiously enough, too, Sir Edwin has somehow managed to avoid the academic attitude. He has had every honour and Rickards had none, yet in neither case does one worry, because both in themselves and in their work they are interesting and genuine. Norman Shaw and Aston Webb in their day were great aloof personages to the profession as a whole, great names to talk about. Sir Edwin, whatever we may think of his architectural politics, is, in himself, a delightful survival of the Elizabethan era whom we all love. His is a real personal influence which needed no mumbo-jumbo stuff to back it up and cannot, therefore, be disturbed by it.

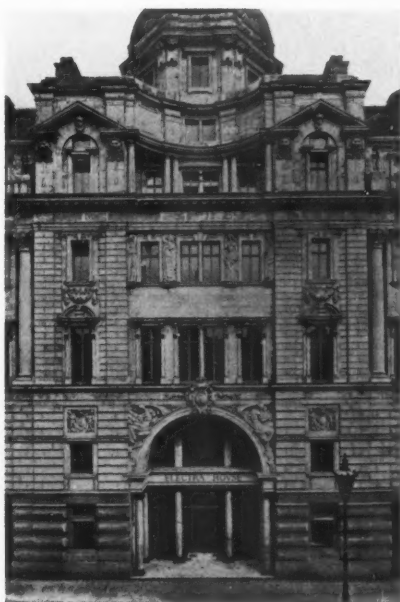
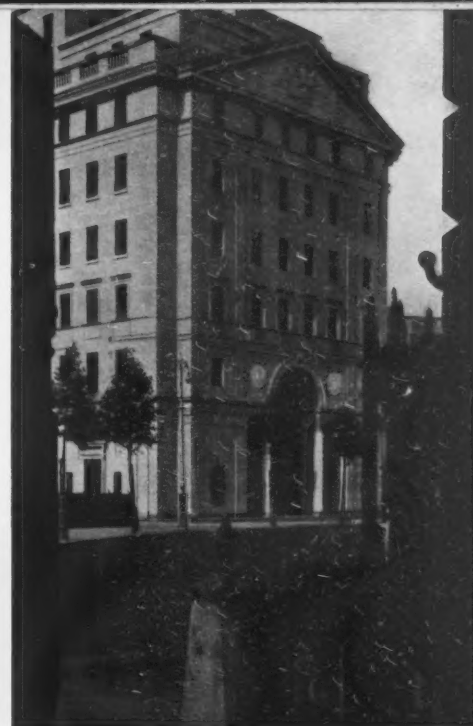
The French and American influences came chiefly from the schools of architecture, though Paris-trained men, like Sir John Burnet and Arthur Davis and Paris-inspired men like Verity, had their influence. It was the schools which made the plan, as a series of related architectural shapes leading to their proper climax, take the place of the accidental planning the Gothic Revival had left behind, though it must be admitted, except in school exercises, the finished Beaux Arts plan made very little real headway. Competitions continued to go to those who obtained some quick practical effect rather than the monumental vistas. I doubt whether we shall





ever build really monumentally in this country. The finest plan will always be twisted for a cloakroom or mayor's parlour. It is not that we do not pay immense attention to planning. It is that we look at it in too minute a way. The way Mendelsohn, at Bexhill, looked at the main apartments and left little details to be worked out later, should be a lesson to assessors and competitors alike. One cannot help feeling that if this had been our general attitude during this century, competitions would have produced better architecture than they have done.

The American influence was, I think, shown chiefly in the Italian phase, which even such good Frenchmen as Arthur Davis adopted. American banks were full of small Italian detail in spite of their size and the mechanical care with which this detail was drawn and executed, found imitators in this country. Herbert Rowse's detail in his great blocks of offices at Liverpool is an example. It would have been strange if the work of men like McKim, in finding a safe, central means of expression for the enormous expansion of American wealth during this period, had not affected the design and expansion of our own banks and insurance offices. The English schools of architecture, too, at this time, developed connections with the States and there was a constant stream of draughtsmen crossing and re-crossing the Atlantic. One good thing this American influence did. It reduced the importance of the Orders. Buildings over there had become too big to be dominated by them. The Orders when used became, therefore, ornament at the top or the bottom of a building or to doors and windows, and no more. We had in London the clean cliffs of Bush House. When, therefore, after the war the younger men, encouraged by the schools as a whole, but mostly by the Architectural Association, began to look at buildings as so much plain masses of solid stuff to be shaped and



The top and centre illustrations have been chosen as a contrast. Both are office buildings where presumably work is to be done. The centre one is the Norwich Union Insurance Company's building at Norwich, by G. J. and F. W. Skipper, an impressive composition which leaves little in pompous grandeur for the Town Hall, and illustrates well both the pre-war attitude and the pre-war means of the business man. The top illustrations are of the Bush House, London, group of buildings, in plain post-war American classic. At the bottom, on the left, is the central motive of John Belcher's Electra House, in Moorgate, London, which is an example of the kind of building by this architect referred to in the text, where sculpture seemed to be added as the sculptors demanded. On the right is Lloyd's Registry in Fenchurch Street, London, by T. E. Collcutt, which belongs to the same ornate pre-war school, but with ornateness carried a stage further. With its Lyons marble interior it was said at the time of its erection to be the most expensive building in London. In those days that was considered a point in its favour.



*Top. One of the many interesting housing schemes L. H. Keay, its housing director, is designing today for Liverpool. It is in work of this kind, carried still further in the detail and furnishing of its individual rooms, that the hope for our towns, and consequently the hope for the future of the majority of us, largely lies. Centre. This is the work of a Royal Academician and at the same time an interesting building. It is the now well-known Dorchester Hotel by Curtis Green in Park Lane. In it the architect has proved that it is possible to be comparatively "plain" and elegant, too. By such devices as curving his main blocks on plan and by modelling their corners, he has softened the mechanical character of the modern hotel with its great masses of repeating rooms, mostly of the same size. Bottom. Universal House, an office building facing the Thames at the south end of Southwark bridge, by Joseph Emberton, has no doubt the germ of the future in it. It certainly accepts the facts bravely enough if owing to present materials it interprets them a little crudely. This will not be noticeable when the building has another four or five storeys added to it. There are no offices in London with a finer view or with finer means of seeing it.*

windowed as the purest material needs determined, we were all more ready to accept this elementary architecture than we should have been if we had still been looking at our buildings as mere fields for ornament or as scope for picturesque outline. Post-war economy, of course, helped, but it is well to notice that it reinforced ideas already there. If our buildings had not become plainer for other reasons, I think, like the methylated spirit drinkers, we should still have found the means to indulge in ornament, economy or no economy.

Ecclesiastical architecture through the century, almost entirely so it seems to me, owing to the influence of Sir Giles Scott, has followed a similar course, shedding its Orders and traditional detail. At the beginning of the century it is interesting to remember Bodley, having assisted in assessing the Liverpool Cathedral competition, was engaged in pushing large decorated windows of complicated tracery into Scott's massive building. Fortunately he died in time

before any were executed. This cathedral broke the tradition of archaeological Gothic, but Scott himself in his other work, and Maufe, Miller, Velarde, Cachemaille-Day have continually carried freedom further and, instead of losing the appeal to the imagination so necessary to a religious building, have proved indeed that it can by this very freedom be increased. Like Mendelsohn, Voysey and other pioneers who have dared to go back to fundamental things, they have shown that for the artist who can use it, this freedom, instead of producing the materialistic results the academic folk pretend to fear, releases the spirit for higher flights. That is why the outlook is now so hopeful. The cavalcade of artificial scenery embodying sentimental traditions and of little men on stilts with big heads imposed upon them is over and the stage is clear once more.

The stage is clear and a new act opens. If one may for a moment adopt the perilous rôle of prophet, one can suggest that in this new act, to be played during the second third of the century, the architect will deal with masses of population rather than with individuals, and with masses of building rather than with the decoration of façades. Assisting to raise the general standard of life will be considered to be his work rather than the enhancement of the life of the few. Not only will town-planning advance and become a reality instead of, as it is today, a five-years' game played with maps by officials and experts, while the merry little jerry-builder goes on jerrying just the same, but other kinds of planning will also advance. The whole country indeed will be zoned and planned. Large-scale industry, a patient slave instead of an impatient master, will be driven back into the areas it has already befouled, and where the best facilities for its expansion already exist. The revival of agriculture just beginning will go on, so that towards the end of the act we shall see once again town and country subsisting side by side without destroying each other. In the electrical age, to which this country is an earnest, if late comer, the towns, rebuilt with open spaces for all instead of for the few in the squares or bordering the parks, will be clean, efficient places, of which we shall be proud, and where all except the agricultural community and the village-minded will wish to live. To build these new Jerusalems, and at the same time to restore to England her pleasant land, will be the work of the architect. As a planner before all else, the sphere of his work will continue to grow. The age of leisure for all, which a planned economy means, will be an age of finer opportunities for life and happiness and mainly through his work and thought. He must be trained for his new responsibilities. Not only must the programmes of the schools of architecture be enlarged, but the whole conception of the work and function of the architect. The orderly future ahead of us, necessary if we are to have a future, must and will be largely in his hands.





## PERIODS AND PATRONS

by clough williams-ellis



George Walton and Charles Voysey are now recognized as pioneers of what, in architecture and design generally, we consider "Modern." With fresh and honest minds they dared to attack and solve old problems in new and simple ways, to exploit all available materials freshly though appropriately, and to design with a keen eye to function. Long held in high and deserved esteem abroad, we do not even yet sufficiently recognize in England the important part these two have played in guiding our architecture forward (or back) towards what we hope will prove to be sanity.

The illustrations on this page are, top, White Horse Inn, Stetchworth, Newmarket, by C. F. A. Voysey (1905) and, above, The White House, Sbiplake, by George Walton (1908).

To hazard that the background against which we now build has changed more than our building is to imply that our architecture is, quite literally, behind the times.

Yet that is what I do emphatically say, and, as a corollary, that we English architects are a little out of date, too.

Since I myself first stumbled into practice some thirty years ago, just everything has, I feel, changed more than I have, which is merely a roundabout way of confessing, not that I have kept young, but that I am, inevitably, becoming a bit of a back number.

One of course disguises this slow decline even to oneself—one may realize that one's ultimate destination is the shelf, but surely, surely, progress thereto is, must be, an ascent, during which one inevitably gathers wisdom, experiences and guile, as surely as a ship's keel does barnacles, until at fifty or thereabouts one really does know something about the business of building and should, if the silly public only knew a finished article when it saw it, get all the jobs. But "finished" has also a doomful meaning, and the public, though foolish enough, is not too consistently conservative.

It may still hanker sentimentally after Tudor tomfoolery with one part of its mind, but there is another part that spasmodically entertains the notion that new building to meet new conditions may be best devised by the new men.

In this, I think, they are, broadly speaking, right.

The new language is most surely spoken by those who have been born and brought up in it rather than by us elders who, as it were, have to translate our thoughts from their native elaboration into the simpler diction of the day.

True, I have recently "gone modern" myself on more than one occasion with a quite unexpected sense of relief, and I clearly perceive that my middle-aged, yet once more hesitant feet, are definitely set on the New Road that we hope and believe will ultimately climb up from its present easy and not always admirable levels to more daring, more dangerous, and more difficult heights of achievement.

Personally, I welcome the escape from the old forms and formalities because I never really felt at home with them





The sometimes almost reproachfully honest craftsmanship of Lethaby and the clean and titillating "nudism" of Baillie Scott's early work, together with the latter's grasp of the effectiveness of plain materials plainly used, did a great deal to exorcise the late Victorian ghost of muddled opulence that still haunted the houses of the prosperous in the nineteenth hundreds. If Lethaby stood for virtue, one might say that Baillie Scott exalted innocence. In Norman Shaw, on the other hand, a robust, romantic and somewhat masterful character seems revealed, his most typical buildings being challenging rather than gracious and remarkable more for daring than charm. Still, he was the strong man armed who released us from the shackles of a trite convention and if his technique now seems demodé, it is because he first cleared the way for our advance.

The illustrations are: top, Craggside, Northumberland, by Norman Shaw; centre, House at Burford, Oxon, by Baillie Scott and Beresford; below, House at Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield, by Professor W. R. Lethaby.



—my early years of building being almost entirely "un-architectural" in the popular sense.

Having learnt actual brute-building and construction with a country contractor before ever I was introduced into the fine company of Styles and Orders, I have never perhaps felt quite securely at ease in their midst—as though I were a "risen" board-school boy trying to keep his precarious end up amongst those classically educated at the old public schools.

Again, having started practice precipitately and prematurely after only a month or two of official schooling, I decided to let all inessential trimmings alone until such time later on, when, maybe, I should have mastered the mysteries of the Styles and Periods sufficiently to use them without making a fool both of myself and of my buildings.

Also I was attracted, influenced and encouraged by such designers as Charles Voysey, George Walton and Baillie Scott, who all seemed to me to have acquired some mastery of the art of graceful omission.

I should like to think that I was single-mindedly pure in my adherence to simplicity, but my bare-bones technique, being cheap, certainly served me well in my early commissions, few of which were for anyone with money to burn. As a *tour de force* I remember about the year 1907 building a small public hall without a single curve or moulding of any kind in its whole fabric. But I can also recall with regret that in one or two youthful jobs, where cost was of no consequence, I did degenerate into fashionable elaboration and was both titillated and aghast to see how convincingly "Period" one could be and with how little real scholarship or ingenuity.

The true archæologist or Period Stylist will snort at this—and justly—because, not being really serious about my fakes, I probably thought a rough approximation all that such occasions called for and that, on the whole, it was rather a lark than otherwise to let the chronological cat out of its perfunctory bag by deliberate anachronisms or by silly little emendations of my own invention.

In short, if I had been accused of historical levity, of rather flippantly toying with holy things, it would have been true enough. My only defence is that a blasphemy, however scandalous, is not necessarily damning to him who does not hold the faith.

Also, I would say, that a profound respect for really fine work of the past of whatever period, has, I hope, preserved me from impertinent incongruity or slick ill-mannered showing off.

Thirty years ago there was, or seemed to be, something of an epidemic in the way of architectural "rescue work"—the patron public was becoming patina-conscious, aware of texture, age-effects, old-worldliness, the charm of mellowness, the interest, merits and pathos of vernacular building and occasionally even of architecture.

It might be said that the client class had "gone quaint"—but that would be less than just, for, its sensibilities sharpened and educated by such admirable preachers and practitioners as Lethaby, Prior and Lutyens, it was most properly seeking for just such qualities as the rather mechanical romanticism of the older Norman Shaw school seemed so lamentably to lack.

Be that as it may, a most gratifying number of our pre-war friends and clients were undoubtedly intent on discovering out-of-the-way and neglected architectural "examples" for sympathetic embellishment, re-conditioning and occupation.

Sometimes they became aware of latent architectural possibilities in their own old houses, as well as of practical inconveniences, and there was a glorious decade or so in which we were busily occupied in the straightening out of accumulated structural tangles, the smoothing away of

disfiguring warts and goitres and the general face-lifting beauty-doctoring, stomach-pumping and corsetting of the more or less Stately Homes of England.

I recall, a little incredulously, that one of my own earliest clients was (though, even then, a trifle self-consciously) most militantly of the *Ancien Régime*, and so conscientiously punctilious that on our first encounter he subjected me to a *questionnaire* which, until its grave import was explained, seemed to me a little outside our agenda.

Was I or was I not armigerous, or perhaps a Justice of the Peace or the son of a baronet, or had I ever held a commission from His Majesty?

Perceiving my bewilderment, the old gentleman explained with the utmost courtesy that he was merely seeking an assurance that he could, with propriety, address his architect as "Esquire."

As a period piece he was beautiful in his rounded completeness.

Pomaded silver hair was meticulously parted right down his neck to where a high black stock almost obscured his collar, the flaring skirts of his Prince Albert coat hung over tight "belly-scratcher" trousers that were strapped beneath the Wellingtons in which he daily rode his smart cob from Kensington to his City counting-house. With his fob and clouded cane and for all his venerable dignity, a definite figure of fun—but—he had taste and knew quite a lot about architecture in an academic sort of way.

My latest client is a shrewd, squat little Armenian of somewhat imperfect English, but with a flair for speculation in real estate.

I cannot help rather liking him for his realism and his energetic ability, though I deeply deplore his activities. His business is to buy up old estates and play the butcher—as often as not demolishing the capital mansion house, selling off most of the timber, and then marketing the property in "convenient lots" to whoever cares to buy for whatever purpose.

In this ghoulish trade I aid and abet him. Am I to blame? Is he? Are even the new conditions that enforce this selling-out by the old proprietors and this consequential retailing to the small fry, necessarily evil and anti-social? Was not the large-scale Private Paradise always rather a mistake from the point of view of general well-being, and is not our own grand mistake and tragedy not the gradual colonization of our paradisaical places, but rather that, in opening the gates, we negligently admit Hell?

At any rate I tell myself (with varying conviction) that by co-operating with such as my beady-eyed Armenian, I can at any rate mitigate the barbarity that our gross national stupidity still allows, and that the vast majority of our ill-educated countrymen still numbly accept as normal.

At the beginning of the century, and again immediately after the war, there seemed a hope that through the wiser and widening architectural outlook, England might find herself once more, might learn again a proper pride and graciousness and at last turn her back upon the brutal paltriness that had debased her building ever since the industrial revolution had upset our values and put quantity above quality.

But it was not so, and so far as the mass of our building is concerned, even the fundamental grace of acceptable proportions and appropriate materials rightly used still seems to be reserved for a minute minority—a lesser Country House here, a branch bank building there, a telephone exchange, a modern factory, or perhaps an exceptional council housing estate.

The general prospect indeed remains sufficiently dismal, hardly anywhere are you secure of your background. The picture that you have known and loved for years or that which you have perhaps laboriously contrived may be



*More than anyone else, it was the then young Mr. Edwin Lutyens who so humanized English domestic architecture at the opening of the century as to lift it, as it were, out of the library into the drawing-room and garden, where his ingenuity and gaiety quickly gave it, not merely a new graciousness and chic, but made it, once again, both exciting and fashionable.*

*Tigbourne Manor, Witley, by Lutyens, is illustrated above, and at the top, "Graystones," Higbcliffe, by E. S. Prior.*

slashed to ribbons overnight by the sudden intrusion of some screaming incongruity. Thus haunted, it is hard for the architect of today to build with the old enthusiasm or to have much hope that his labours will add anything permanent to the sum of England's loveliness—a sum wherein our accelerated subtractions will soon have cancelled out most of the gracious additions of the past.

Yet promises still obstinately breed hopes. There is the Town and Country Planning Act of which we have as yet no right to despair, and the de-slumming campaign that is still but valiant words on paper. There is also the Council for the Preservation of Rural England who are trying so hard to bring land- and property-owners back to sanity, and who deserve all the support we can give them.

If we would have the second thirty-three and a third years of our century in some sort redeem the first, we shall, I think do well to further such potentially curative measures by all the means in our power.

They are undoubtedly the most direct and obvious remedies for our sick land and should be given a fair trial before we resign ourselves to final dissolution.

But all the while there may be a *deus ex machina* lurking round that next corner, the turning of which still so bafflingly eludes us, and it may be that some great political upheaval, some national or international cataclysm will suddenly render abortive the dilatory and rather planless patching that is all we have thus far put our fumbling hands to. Meanwhile, with what hope we may, those few of us who feel concern must needs continue to preach repentance and individually try to mitigate the mess wherever we can and however forlornly.



# THE PROGRESS OF ARCHIT

## DOMESTIC 1901—1909

The century opens with the traditionalists in possession. Philip Webb and Norman Shaw have prepared the way for Edwin Lutyens and English Domestic Architecture reaches a pitch which is the envy of the world. The charm of association of ideas, of local material, and of romance, gives a strange illusion to architecture. The expression of living is not clear, and the composition of the dwelling is determined by the external effect. Internally, the planning is spacious and the servant problem does not appear to confound the architect.

## COMMERCIAL 1901—1909

The wealthiest nation in the world gives a luxurious setting to its wares. "Columns breed confidence." The classic styles of architecture are pushed far, and temples many times the size of those of the ancients enhance the sale of soap and stockings. The noble qualities of architecture are exploited and the stone is a sham against supporting steel. Yet there is a sense of splendour and well-being that gives to the man in the street an added dignity and a feeling of substance.

## ECCLESIASTICAL 1901—1909

The Church throws wide her arms and welcomes all the styles of the world. The progress of architecture appears hampered by ignorance of that which it should express. There seems a lack of clarity of thought, and the Gothic age of architecture seems on balance to be the most favoured age. Many church buildings are inspired and are noble examples of their kind, but the inspiration is that of an individual and not of the multitude. The individual dictates the style.

## CIVIC 1901—1909

Queen Victoria dies, but the dignity of Empire is maintained throughout the first decade of the century. Pomp and pageantry accompany the erection of civic buildings, and the public confidence in government stability and administration is maintained. There is some indecision between the commercial monumental and the civic monumental but the absence of a basement story of heavy rustication usually indicates the former. The grand manner of classic architecture is freely adopted; the Dome is the symbol of substance, to the detriment of its internal use as a Hall of Conference.

## RECREATIONAL 1901—1909

Edwardians take their pleasures heavily, and there is little to distinguish the places of amusement from town halls and shops. In the gayest moments the sense of propriety and well-being must always be present. A temporary and transitory building is rarely erected. The club building is not far removed from the club bore, but is enlightened every now and then by wit. Theatres, restaurants, hotels, all wear their classic dress, and classic reference appears inexhaustible.



Tigbourne Cottage, Witley, by Edwin Lutyens. 1902.



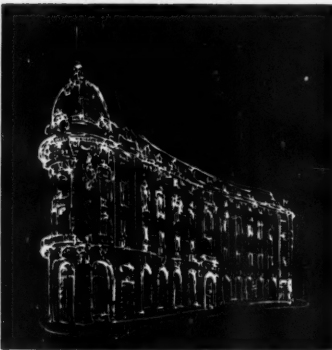
Semi-detached house at Letchworth, By Baillie Scott. 1905.



"Redcourt," Haslemere, by Ernest Newton. 1905.



Alliance Assurance Building, by Norman Shaw and Ernest Newton. 1907.



"Morning Post" Office, by Arthur T. Davis. 1908.



Selfridges, by R. Frank Atkinson. 1909.



Westminster Cathedral, by J. F. Bentley. 1900.



All Saints Church, Kensington, by Bodley. 1905.



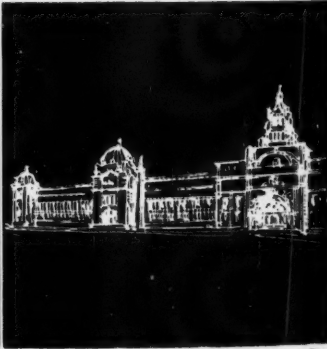
Church at Malvern, by Walter Tapper. 1906.



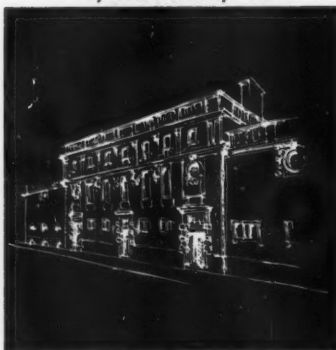
St. Paul's Girls' School, Hammersmith, by Gerald Horsley. 1904.



City Hall, Cardiff, by Lanchester and Rickards. 1906.



Victoria and Albert Museum, by Sir Aston Webb. 1909.



Chelsea Public Baths, by Wills and Anderson. 1907.



Waldorf Hotel, by Marshall Mackenzie. 1908.



Piccadilly Hotel, elevation by Norman Shaw. 1908.



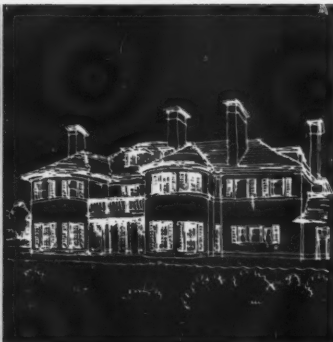
# TECHTURE IN ENGLAND FOR



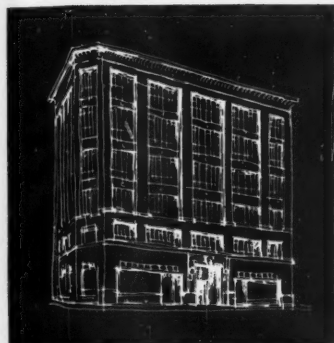
House at Hawes, Yorkshire, by Morley  
Horder. 1910.



House in Oxfordshire, by C. R. Ashbee.  
1914.



"Wythes House," Bickley, Kent, by  
C. H. B. Quennell. 1914.



Kodak Building, Kingsway, by John Burnet. 1911.



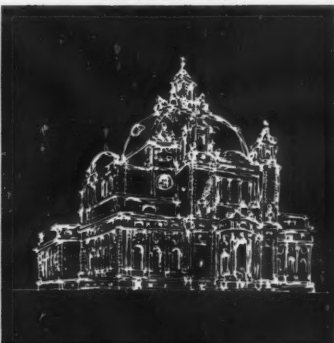
Whiteleys, Queens Road, by Belcher  
and Joass. 1912.



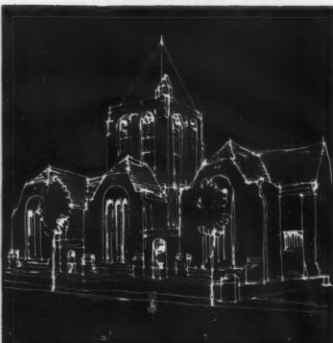
Messrs. Heal and Son's building by  
Smith and Brewer. 1917.



Church at Longsdon, Staffordshire,  
by Gerald Horsley. 1911.



Wesleyan Hall, Westminster, by Lancaster and Rickards. 1912.



St. Paul's, Liverpool, by Giles Scott.  
1914.



Royal Academy of Music, by Ernest George and Yeates. 1912.



King's College Hospital, by William Pite.  
1913.



British Museum Extension, by Sir J.  
Burnet and Partners. 1914.



Royal Automobile Club, by Mewès and Davis. 1911



Midland Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, by  
B. Frank Atkinson 1914



St. Martin's Theatre, by W. G. R.  
Sprague 1916

## DOMESTIC 1910-1919

The century progresses through the days of prosperity before the war, and the full effect of war on architecture is not immediately felt. The historic age of architecture most favoured moves forward a century or so, and the Georgian style becomes most popular. The element of horizontality creeps in and prophesies the future. A local character becomes less obvious and the interior planning begins to find more expression. The straw hat, indeed, becomes more at home. That symbol of English Domestic work, the chimney, resists the approach of central heating and remains a die-hard.

## COMMERCIAL 1910-1919

Kingsway is made and an early prophecy of the new architecture appears. The battle of the traditions has begun, and the modernists have stripped the wall and given nothing in return. Tottenham Court Road produces a model shop front and points the way towards an expression of architecture which is rich in suggestion. The age of chaos in commercial design continues and remains unsettled by the war. Tentative buildings here and there appear, too modest among their neighbours to be considered serious contributions to the thought of the time.

## ECCLESIASTICAL 1910-1919

The Church continues to produce striking work by striking individuals. Their own thoughts and aspirations are built in stone, but the flock remains uncertain and undecided. The war gives a further problem with which the Church is unable to grapple. There is nothing upon which the critic may base his judgment, for this age of ecclesiastical architecture is impoverished. There is no love put into craftsmanship ; the stones tell no story of their own, nor do the wood-carvings speak as they should.

## CIVIC 1910-1919

The grand styles continue through the period of war ; and for the smaller buildings, the Georgian style, as in domestic work, is adopted. Civic character on the whole continues to express stability, and every now and then a building of imagination is erected. The influences of steel and of functionalism wash past the solid foundations, and the worthy exteriors at times conceal less worthy interiors. This architecture may be justly described as the stronghold of Old England, and in general has little changed throughout the third of the century.

## RECREATIONAL 1910-1919

Few recreational buildings are made, but hotel and club planning become more studied. Architecture has not progressed and there is little hint of reaction about to come. The war appears to paralyse progress towards a brighter and better architecture, but this is maturing. A severity and formality is noticeable throughout all architecture of this decade, which cannot compare with the frivolities of the naughty nineties. The close of the period coincides with a violent reaction, and this finds a first echo in the architecture of Recreation.

# THE FIRST THIRD OF THE

## DOMESTIC 1920—1929

The age of upset and change. The war possibly brings into English Architecture a momentary sense of law and order; romantic grouping has given way to formality and symmetry. Economy of means and the servant shortage demand ingenuity of planning. The hall becomes the lobby, and the passage is extinct. The war creates unrest; a new word for a very old theme appears; Functionalism stalks abroad. The new theory of living produces a new outlook on architecture, which becomes national. The machine is under way and mass production appears; the human being is being tinned.

## COMMERCIAL 1920—1929

The stark buildings of Germany fire the imagination, and the full possibilities of structural expression are realized. The battle of the styles continues, and the tide turns in favour of the new ideas. The human being becomes an element or atom in a vast machinery. Architecture becomes enthused with youth and inspiration, the steel structure takes possession, and the warmth of human feeling dries up. Architecture becomes building and is appreciated for the first time by the new generation of men.

## ECCLESIASTICAL 1920—1929

The grandest individual piece of English twentieth century architecture begins to take shape. An individual has conceived a building as noble as any of the thirteenth century, and all men may justly behold and wonder. But the stones are silent and so are the wood-carvings. Other individuals find other expressions throughout the land, but there is no unity and harmony of thought. Economy tends towards simplicity of design, but in an age of exact functionalism no man knows the exact function of the Church.

## CIVIC 1920—1929

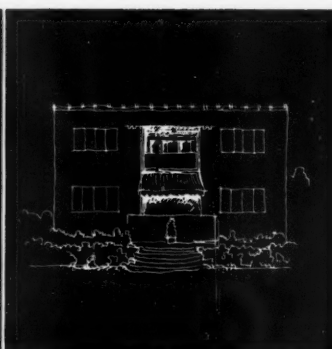
Sound and solid and worthy architecture continues. Vincent Square experiments excitingly with a new kind of semi-public architecture. All eyes turn to Sweden, to Germany, and to the continent generally. The great continental attack is in full swing and England repeats history by her absorption of foreign architecture. The new architecture appeals irresistibly to all students and a great tradition is momentarily cast aside and flung back scoffingly upon the practitioners. The battle of the styles becomes a wasteful war between two outlooks and there is little calm given to civic design.

## RECREATIONAL 1920—1929

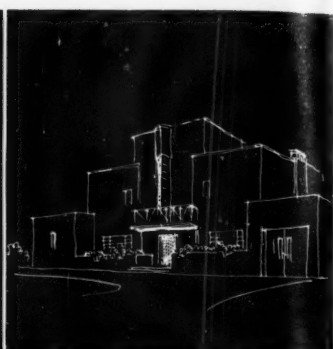
The cinema springs into existence as the most important town recreation, and a new architecture is forthcoming. This appeals to all classes, and for a small sum the poorest person in the community may be a king for three hours. New forms of architecture materialize rapidly and each building must be more extravagant than the predecessor. There is some difficulty in combining a sense of architecture with frivolity, and the latter is often supplied by advertisements as an extra.



House at Bickley, Kent, by P. D. Hepworth. 1926.



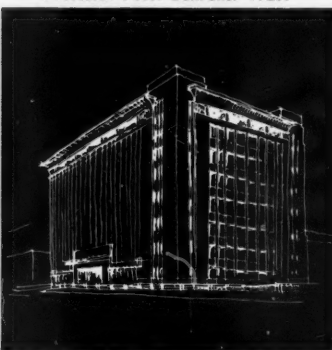
"New Ways," Northampton, by Professor Peter Behrens. 1926.



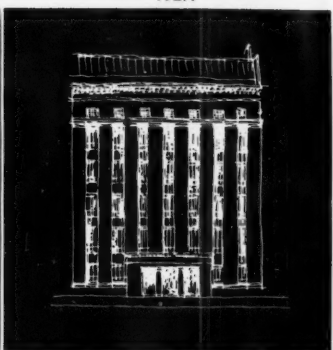
House, by T. S. Tait. 1929.



Wolseley Building, Piccadilly, by Curtis Green. 1921.



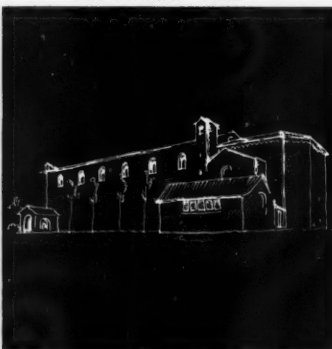
Adelaide House, by Sir John Burnet and Partners. 1925.



Courtald's Offices, London, by L. S. Sullivan. 1927.



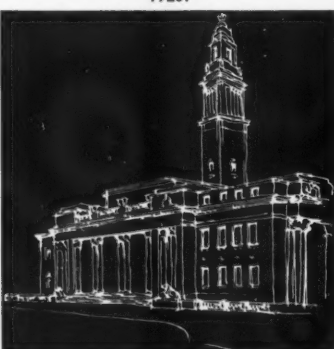
Liverpool Cathedral, by Sir Giles Scott. 1920.



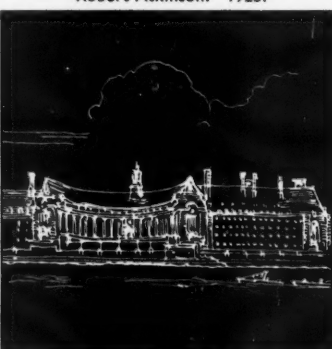
St. Katherine's, Hammersmith, by Robert Atkinson. 1923.



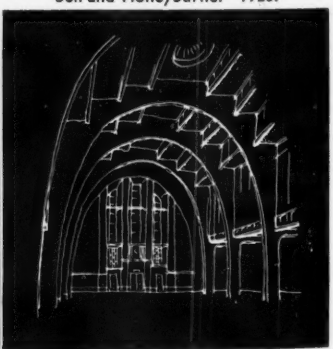
All Souls' Church, Liverpool, by Campbell and Honeyburne. 1928.



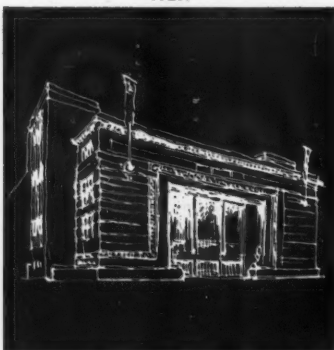
Marylebone Town Hall, by T. E. Cooper. 1920.



London County Hall, by Ralph Knott. 1922.



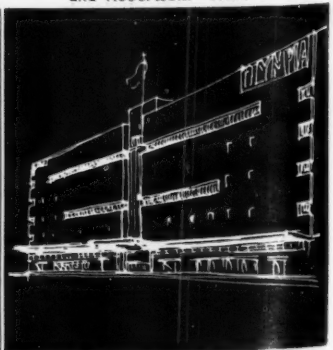
Royal Horticultural Hall, by Easton and Robertson. 1929.



Kensington Cinema, by Leathart and Granger. 1926.



Twickenham Cinema, by Leathart and Granger. 1929.



Olympia (Empire Hall), by Joseph Emberton. 1929.



# F THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

## DOMESTIC 1930—1934

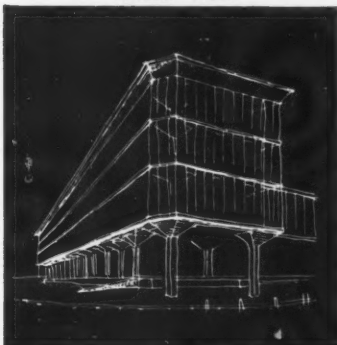
The Isms are getting less and there emerges a form of architecture expressive of a new era. The roof no longer controls the plan and the chimney is ousted. Whither the human being?



House at Totnes, Devon, by Howe and Lescaze. 1933.

## COMMERCIAL 1930—1934

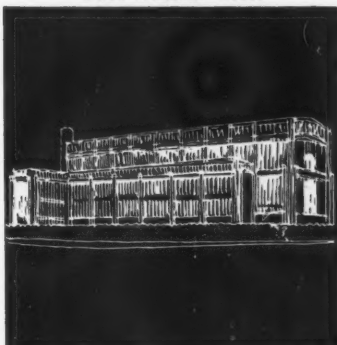
The splendour of structure and Functionalism reaches the highest point. Whither the architect?



Boots' Factory, Nottingham, by Sir Owen Williams. 1933.

## ECCLESIASTICAL 1930—1934

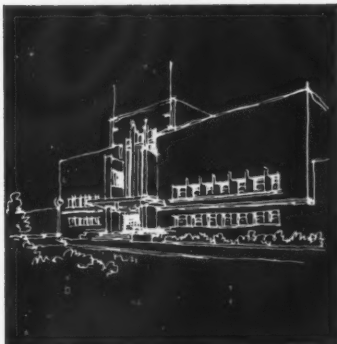
A new element occurs and the new material of reinforced concrete finds a tentative expression. Whither the ecclesiastic?



Church at Felixstowe, by Hilda Mason and S. R. Erith. 1933.

## CIVIC 1930—1934

The crude form of buildings is emphasized in certain architecture and town halls become simplified. Whither the Mayor?



Royal Masonic Hospital, Ravenscourt Park, by Sir John Burnet and Partners. 1933.

## RECREATIONAL 1930—1934

A new theatre at Stratford-on-Avon shows the bewildered playgoer how a theatre functions. Whither the seeker after recreation?



Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, by Scott, Chesterton and Shepherd. 1932.

By G. A. JELlicoe

With drawings by R. Banks

*Let the human being decide himself how to live and remain undisturbed by criticisms. He may thus originate a form of living which, to the present generation, would be grotesque. We ourselves may live in an illusion of self-satisfaction.*

*The architect will come to consider his building as subject to fancy only so far as the human beings within are considered as human beings. Let him treat as pure engineering those structures where men are matched alike and are standard cogs in a great machine.*

*Let the Mayor and the Corporation and the Robes and the Mace continue for centuries. They are a symbol of an outlook on architecture as necessary to this nation as the Constitution itself.*

*There is no knowing or suggesting what course recreation may pursue. Longer hours of leisure may well change the sense of recreation and once again become a source of enrichment to the individual.*

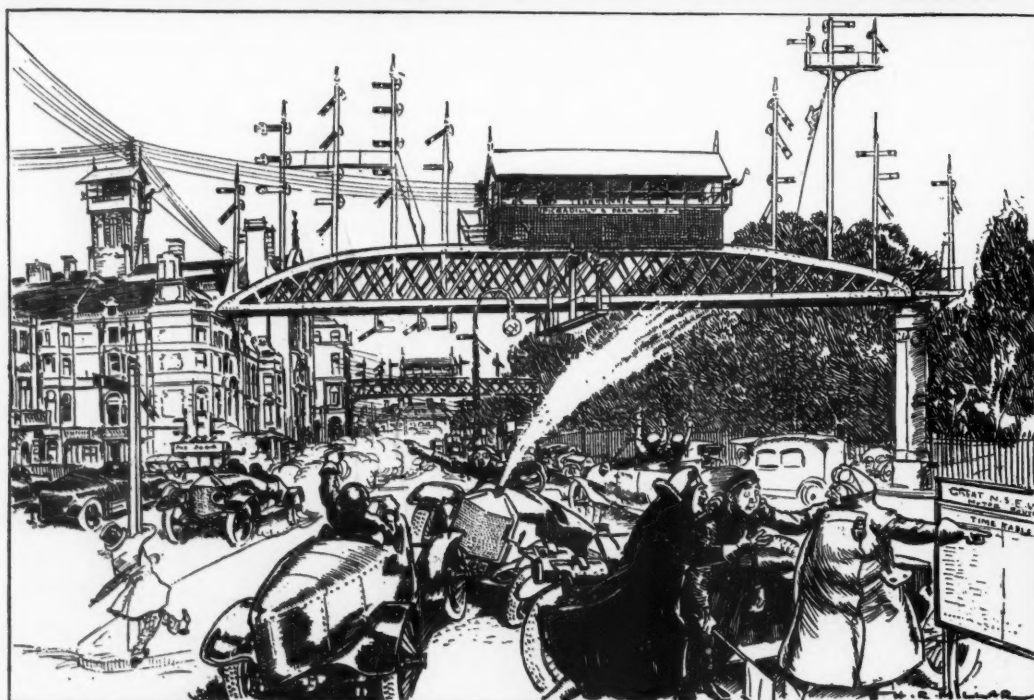




## HOW FAST SHALL WE MOVE NEXT THIRD?

As fast as this Gaumont British vision, by Mr. Andrew Mazzeis, with its nice, peaceful, passenger-carrying aircraft; or will a more sinister use be made of our conquest of the air; will all our steel and concrete, our grand planning (if any) be turned to heaps of rubble overnight, because European statesmen live mentally in the eighteenth century instead of in the second third of the twentieth? How slowly we move, even in the vital movements of modern life, is shown by the contrast below.

In his *Almanack* of the year 1913, Mr. Punch predicted traffic signals "about 1919," and suggested that Hyde Park Corner might look like the illustration he has courteously permitted us to reproduce below on the left. Mr. Punch was optimistic: traffic signals did not come to Hyde Park Corner until 1932.



# THE NEXT THIRD

by JOHN GLOAG



I am alive at the end of August in 1967, and if London is still standing, I shall take the trouble to turn up the files of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW for the purpose of re-reading this article. If I had been writing this in 1900, and looking forward to the end of the first third of the century, even though everybody was bawling patriotic songs and saying good-bye to Dolly Grey and Bluebell, in various ways according to their musical capacity, and although the magazines were full of fine manly stories about "the Front" and every *pukka* white man longed to crack a sjambok, I should not have been filled with any forebodings about the permanence of the civilization to which I belonged.

The world in those days was so secure; so assured of complacent commercial expansion; and war was a music-hall turn, and the front was far away, always. That placid state of affairs has been ended for everybody with any pretensions to imagination, for ever. It is the worst sort of moral cowardice to conceal from ourselves the fact that Europe today is almost exactly in the same state of diseased funk and arrogant romanticism that represented its condition between the Agadir crisis of 1911 and August 4, 1914. In Germany the official swashbuckler merely wears a different kind of moustache. In England, the politicians sing the same moral music in a different key. France, as usual, is crazy with fear. The unspeakable Turk has since the war butchered and violated almost as many Christians as he did in Mr. Gladstone's day; and again the Balkans have got into such a complicated mess that nobody can understand it, but most people agree that it is dangerous.

These antics were all very well before 1914. Nobody had any practical experience of modern warfare. The Boer war was a Boy Scouts' affair. When our generals in the Great War got a real taste for blood, they could easily kill in a morning's futile work more people than were killed in the whole course of the Boer war. All sorts of uncomfortable factors have entered into modern war-making. The first is propaganda by the press and by broadcasting. Secondly, there is the aeroplane. Thirdly, there is the complete breakdown of moral decency in the method of conducting war.

There is only one hope for Europe, and that hope is the conventional military mind. Only rarely can men of creative intelligence and imagination be found willing to enter a profession so deadening, fatuous and destructive as soldiering. The greatest soldier that the last war produced was not a professional. He was Colonel T. E. Lawrence. The only man with military vision and imagination, who was in a position of responsibility in the last war, was not a professional soldier. He happened to be a descendant of the greatest soldier England has ever produced. His name was Winston Churchill. But it is only by accident that the unprofessional, intelligent, imaginative man gets a chance to show what he can do in any war today. And it is because the next war will be conducted by professional soldiers on both sides, that there is still some hope that Europe will not be devastated; for the war staffs of the belligerents will be thinking in terms of the last war, and failing, let us hope, to realize the murderous potentialities of war as it could be waged with a ruthless use of aircraft and chemical substances.

H. G. Wells, in that incredibly depressing book, *The Shape of Things to Come*, forecasts a period of frantic preparation for war in the near future, when everything will be affected by fear; when city buildings will be provided with gigantic concrete lids to protect them from destruction; when shelters and dug-outs and all sorts of funk-holes are devised to protect the populations of cities from the poisoning of the atmosphere by hostile aircraft.

Already in Germany the Government is facing (and fomenting) a fear of air attack. Already the madness of "arming to preserve peace" is being discussed openly and seriously by those who cannot learn that weapons mean war in the end. Why is it that since 1814 we have been at peace with the United States? There has been abundant provocation on both sides since that date. But America and England agreed never to fortify the Canadian frontier.

But although the best will in the world for disarmament may break down and we decide to arm to the teeth, it is fairly safe to trust the military mind to use an old-fashioned, out-of-date technique for conducting a modern war. It is a little humiliating that a civilization may have to

depend for its survival upon the inherent stupidity of an archaic profession, but Europe of the mid-twentieth century looks like being reduced to such a contemptible condition.

Fifteen hundred years ago European civilization was being destroyed by barbarians. The Roman province of Britain had been cast off by the Empire and told to shift for itself. Everywhere in Europe bold and rapacious savages were contemplating raids into the ill-protected provinces of the shrinking Empire. They were tentative, rather nervous gestures, those raids; the barbarians were still overawed by the immense prestige of Rome, and more than half a century passed before they could make up their minds to push over the tottering structure of the Western Empire. Today the world is as uncertain and distracted as it was in the fourth decade of the fifth century. Only today we know that the destruction of our civilization will be swift and final. It will not be a gradual process of attrition. Roman civilization lasted in this country until 577, before the barbarians finally won and the land was handed over to savagery, and the dark ages closed down on Britain. Now our knowledge of the art of destruction is so potent, and the barbarians of modern life are so numerous, that, given the power and the opportunity, the "scientific commercial age" could be shattered in six months. Today every country in Europe has a horde of barbarians in its midst: the people who cannot live up to the splendour of their own century, whose minds move in the past, who cannot see that traffic has destroyed frontiers, and that only the costive romanticism of our temporal rulers preserves that stupid and dangerous form of childishness called nationalism.

What have we to look forward to during this next third of the twentieth century? Even if war does not come, the shadow of war may begloom our lives more deeply year after year. War under the new barbarism means air-raids. Air-raids mean the gassing of populated areas. *No protection has yet been found against air-raids.* Even those people who believe in rearmament will admit that the possession of a huge air force does not guarantee immunity from hostile air-raids. It merely provides an opportunity for exemplary retaliation. If France and England should be at war and London is rendered uninhabitable



by gas and is threatened with total destruction by fire within a few hours of the declaration of hostilities, then Paris would be in a similar condition a few hours later. Modern air warfare means the capping of one horror with another.

Anticipation of the inevitable destructiveness of war may cause residential areas to be spread out, so as to increase the chances of areas of survival, and to render the task of bombing and gassing from the air too extensive to be crushingly effective. A London that spread from Southend to Reading and from Bedford to Brighton could only be drenched with gas by darkening the sky with aircraft. This expansion of residential areas may be one effect of the new war-fear. Another effect may be the imposition of military discipline upon the whole population, with official herdings into gas shelters, gas drill, and the

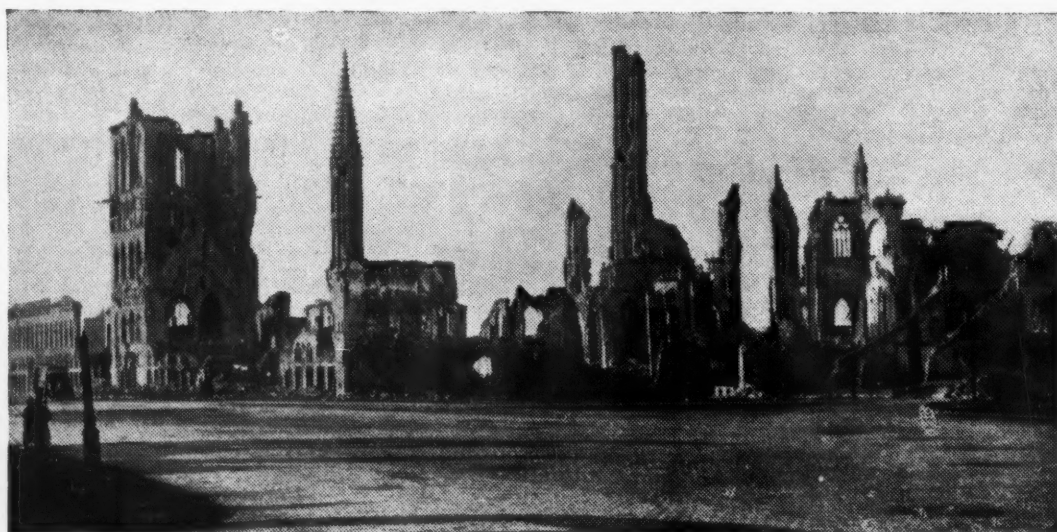
is only one nation which is constitutionally impatient of uniforms and which regards the highfalutin' oratory of its inflamed imperialists with amused tolerance, its subjects contenting themselves with an occasional interjection of "Come orf it, Guvnor!" when the enthusiasms of the preacher of Empire become too showily aggressive. There is civilization in a country where it is "not done" for officers in the Navy, Army or Air Force to appear in public in uniform. There is civilization in a country that regards the coloured shirt movements, black, red or green, as an inferior kind of boy scouting. There is civilization in a country that can be preached to by its newspapers regarding the enormity of electing certain political parties for positions of municipal responsibility, and straightway elects the parties they have been warned against with such venomous urgency.

It is the misfortune of the British

frivolous one. The fostering of international hostility by the Olympic games is another potential danger that the future may hold. *True civilization in its international sense exists today only in the laboratories of scientific research workers.* Art is gradually being infected with the curse of nationalism. Architecture abroad is being given political significance.

In all these rambling forebodings, inevitably one comes back to war-fear. Even if England has the sense and the ability to keep out of another European conflict, we could not escape the effect of it. A war between France and Germany might be a complete disaster for the world, even if it was confined to those two countries. Within a few years the German army will be back on its 1914 footing, burning to stage the revenge for which the narrow French logic of the nineteen-twenties has provided such

"No place is safe; no place is at peace. There is no place where a woman and her daughter can hide and be at peace. The war comes through the air, bombs drop in the night. Quiet people go out in the morning and see air-fleets passing overhead—dripping death—dripping death!" H. G. Wells put those words into the mouth of one of the characters in "The War in the Air," a book written in 1908. Seven years after London was being bombed from the air; in the next war London in a few hours may look like Ypres, illustrated here, during the last war. (Photograph: The Imperial War Museum.)



whole of life orientated by the fear of attack, as the whole of life in the last days of the Roman province of Britain was darkened by the fear of raiding Picts and Saxons.

The mobilizing of opinion in any country is now so easy that it is impossible for any European nation to know the truth about their neighbours' thoughts and inclinations. An incident can be invented when any particular country is ready to make war. The minds of the population can be inflamed by broadcast speeches. The Press can assist in building up the war atmosphere. There is only one thing which can prevent this country from succumbing to the frantic follies to which aggressive nationalism is leading the lands that have chosen dictators. It is the English sense of humour. There is only one country in the world that could produce soldiers who could sing as they were going up to the front line, "What do we care for the British Empire, we'd sell it for five bob!" and whose officers could only be moved to laughter by the seditious ribaldry of the sentiment. There

is only one nation that its leaders seldom attribute to the people that they are supposed to be leading and representing, the sportsmanship, decency and good humour which are the outstanding characteristics of the race. Even newspaper proprietors, misled perhaps by the natural human appetite of their readers for succulent details of the sex life of financiers, film stars, and what is known as "society," and by the interest evinced in the gory particulars of murder cases, imagine that the public for which they cater is destitute of good feeling; and the understanding of most newspaper proprietors of the sporting spirit which is the leading characteristic of the English, is limited to an anxiety to keep the betting columns of their organs efficient and piously optimistic.

The influence of the Press is an uncertain but dangerous influence. If during the next thirty-three years the British Empire is dismembered, one of the contributory causes may be the cricket reports of our popular newspapers. This is not an original suggestion; but it is far from being a

ample provocation. The drain on French man-power caused by the last war would compel France to use her black troops. The armies would march and counter-march across countries devastated by air-raids and filled with impassable gas-drenched areas. Air warfare would disorganize the governments of the combatants. The black troops of France, however well-disciplined, would tend to get out of hand. An unpleasant picture of a huge Negro mutiny takes shape; and Heaven help Europe if those blacks happen to be aggressive and primitive Christians. They might instigate a Crusade for reclaiming the vile, luxurious pagan life they saw going on all round them. The implications of a movement on the part of armed Negroes to re-Christianize Europe according to their own crude lights are as extensive as they are disagreeable.

But supposing by some miracle of good sense or by some natural catastrophe which will be regarded as a warning, war does not come, what have we to look forward to? Are we not already in the age of "Breakages Limited?" Ruled as



we are by politicians who are incapable of planning, and financiers who are incapable of thinking with any generous lucidity about human problems, shall we not be committed to a patch-as-patch-can policy in economics and social order for another generation? The technocrats have been laughed down by the popular newspapers. The doctrines of horse-and-cart civilization still operate like grit in the wheels of the machine age. Are we not committed to a policy of holding back information and bolstering up the existing technique of industry, transport and distribution?

In England, although it is not generally recognized, we are in the beginning of a new power age that may alter our work, our habits, and our climate. We may, perhaps, be allowed to use this new power intelligently. Electricity may clear from the face of England the fume-cast shadows of the older industrial age. No doubt there will be much talk of planning; but we are more likely to let industry creep south and west without a plan, while over the slag heaps of the abandoned industrial areas of the Midlands the grass and field flowers will grow, giving to those uncouth shapes, those casual hummocks and hollows, the unsoiled green beauty of a smokeless era. But who will plant trees, and who will care for laying out the country? And shall we decide whether traffic is made for man, or man for traffic? Will the aeroplane relieve the countryside of its roaring, overcrowded roads? At the moment, anybody can commit, or can propose committing, any outrage in England on the grounds that it pays them to do so. We can squirt advertisement slogans into the sky, and read about cures for constipation in letters of light over any town; we can send aeroplanes trailing banners about patent medicines or popular newspapers over our proud cities; and we can write large across the heavens in smoke the disputable assertion that some particular brand of booze is the best in the world. We can do all these things. Shall we continue to do them? Is this haggard and unstable time, in which we seem to miss the splendour of achievement and abundance of leisure that our century could give us, merely the muddled preliminary to a new Renaissance; are we perhaps waiting for some spiritual force that will gather up all the untidy ends of our intellectual meandering, and will resolve our thoughts, our pleasures and our works into a coherent pattern of civilization?

Anyone who thinks about the future must first ask all the questions I have set down here, and the answers to most of them are not conducive to the spirited business of prophecy. People have always been imagining since the Middle Ages that civilization was about to collapse. This anxiety has expanded during the last hundred and fifty years. Today the anxiety is much more profound: civilization has learned so much more about the technique of suicide.



**MACHINE-MADE RUINS, EXECUTED BY EXPERTS. . . .  
YOU WANT THE BEST BOMBS: WE HAVE THEM . . .  
AIR RAIDS FOR ALL: THEY KEEP THE HOME FIRES  
BURNING . . . GAS IN ANY QUANTITY DELIVERED  
DIRECT ON ANY DOORSTEP.**

The verdict of "Death from Misunderstanding" is less likely to be passed upon this civilization if the makers of armaments take to advertising truthfully. But if war should come, the back of the front will be worse than the front itself; these illustrations give us a hint why this should be so. Above: a steel slug ambling down a street of war-time homes; below: a practice gas attack upon a modern city (Warsaw). Top photograph: The Imperial War Museum. Bottom one: The Keystone View Company.



# EYES AND NO EYES

The layman is always the patron of architecture. What are the reactions of prominent laymen to the architectural scene? Or have they no reactions? The following results have been obtained from some of those whose agile and informed minds have adorned the first third of the twentieth century.

FAITH HARRISON



ELLEN WILKINSON doesn't like having her time wasted. Her extremely comfortable and workmanlike sitting-room suggests that her day is planned to be packed with the maximum amount of work. She gets through a vast number of jobs by never wasting her energy. This forcibly affects her views on the progress of architecture from 1901 to the present day. Of modern architecture she has one dominating impression—simplicity and straight lines. She says, "It has taken a war to get rid of the ideas of the Crystal Palace Exhibition," and she holds that simplicity is the only architectural attribute that appeals to the adult mind of today. She thinks the new skyline of the Thames a great improvement on the old, especially the view from Westminster Bridge looking towards Shell-Mex House. She has little use for London's shopping streets, and suggests that the demolition of Nash's Regent Street would have been excusable only if practical buildings had been erected in its place. But buildings that appear heavy have been put up instead,

shouting for attention to their design at the expense of the shop windows and the display of goods. All shopping streets need spaciousness and light and should belong to their own century, not to a pseudo-past.

Miss Wilkinson would like towns to be planned so that they have a definite boundary with green fields and open country beyond. She approves of garden cities if they have some sort of civic centre and organization. She thinks encouragement should be given to the idea of living in flats and not in individual houses, in order to foster a communal spirit, which she feels is greatly needed today. Preferably the flats should be built round a courtyard or square, with plenty of light and air. She referred to the way in which the Austrian flats, the Karl Marx Hof in Vienna, had been defaced and said it demonstrated the hatred of the old order for straight lines.

From a back window she pointed out the futility of creating a block of flats without giving a thought to planning their environment. A new block was being built, the front of which overlooked the back yards of some slum houses, the whole area being completely shut in. From this depressing outlook it was pleasant to turn back to the comfort of Miss Wilkinson's sitting-room, that practical but human room which reflected in its plan and details a practical and tidy mind. One gathers from Miss Wilkinson that architecture, in a third of a century, has taught us very little about tidiness.

In LORD CASTLEROSSE'S room in the *Daily Express* building, no time at all was wasted in useless preliminaries when he was asked for his views. He poured them out in an exuberant cataract, and we were almost swept away in the rapids of his ideas. He was vividly frank about architecture in England. It has developed very

little since 1901, compared with other countries, while America has us beaten (he considers Germany and Sweden have made the greatest advance). Small houses in England today are not built with enough thought for easy and simple running. The kitchen is generally ill-placed. It should be next to the dining-room with a connecting hatchway. But that is far too obvious a convenience; so it isn't done. A kitchen should be regarded with pride,



talked about and praised. Lord Castlerosse seems to know exactly what the suburban housewife would like to make life easy on the mechanical side. He hopes to see the day when shower baths and air conditioning are as general as electric lighting and central heating. He would like to see builders in England today aroused and able to take in new ideas. Wake up architecture in fact. Without claiming it as an original reflection,



he blames designers for forgetting that we don't get very much sun in the country. More colour is wanted. Balconies should automatically be part of a house, and they should be heated so that fresh air can be enjoyed alike in summer and winter. Lord Castlerosse admires skyscrapers. He considers Park Avenue, New York, the most beautiful street in the world. It has sufficient breadth to give true proportion to the height. He would like to see buildings 15 storeys high in London, properly spaced and planned, of course. He thinks that although Town Planning is again topical, it is controlled by unimaginative people. They view problems in bits instead of as a whole. He thinks that it would be extremely difficult to get uniformity in London's shopping streets, as many of the old-established shops like to keep their well-known character; if they become modern, half their clientele at once goes.

In his opinion, the only way the slum problem can be solved is by having one Housing Dictator, who is bound to be unpopular because he must be ruthless. In New York, shops occupy the ground floor of tenement buildings. He would like to see this in England, so that blocks of flats become an economic proposition. He suggests that a communal laundry would be an asset to the new buildings being put up to relieve overcrowding. He knows that the present generation would loathe the idea, and would much prefer to hang their washing out in a tiny dwelling room, but future generations would welcome and bless the project. As a felicitous illustration, he instanced the small boy who is given a dose of castor oil, and who is incapable of realizing at the time it will do him good.

The ideal way to live, according to Lord Castlerosse, is to have a flat in town and a country house. But it should be possible to combine the two. Why not erect, say, at places like Sunningdale, blocks of flats with their own station underneath? People could then get straight into a train, eat their breakfasts and read their papers on the way to work. Coming back they could have their games of bridge in peace, right to their own doors.

In garden cities he would like to see better planned facilities for sport. An effort has been made with some of them to plan the actual buildings, but little has been done for the surroundings. These should include a well-laid golf course, tennis courts, squash courts, etc. And there should be some social centre for women where there is an atmosphere of smartness, and not drabness. One leaves Lord Castlerosse with the feeling that he has some definite clear-cut ideas as to the changes he would like to see carried out, and is a man who takes the long and not the short view of development, and who has thought about everything—for a few minutes.

**MR. A. FENNER BROCKWAY**, the secretary of the Independent Labour Party, is mainly interested in the development of architecture from the social aspect, with particular relation to what are known as the working classes, or workers. Mr. Fenner Brockway admires skyscrapers archi-

tecturally, especially at night with lights gleaming from every window, but from a practical point of view he feels they should be widely spaced in order that the height may be properly appreciated. Transport gets too complicated if population is concentrated in such erections. They are not a solution for London.

Around London he would like to see an increase in small towns, with rapid and easy means of transport to the city, though this would not relieve the slum problem. An experiment of this sort was tried out at Stockton-on-Tees. The people living in one extremely bad slum area were transported into modern cottage houses on the outskirts of the town. But the result was a failure, as the death rate increased owing to the fact that too much money was spent on rent and fares and not enough on food. This was an economic rather than an architectural failure. He is impressed by the housing in Vienna, not simply from a constructional point of view, but also because of the beauty of the gardens and courtyards all round, with playgrounds for children. In these blocks of Viennese flats, single people and married people with no children live on the top floor, people with one child on the floor below, and so on all the way down; poor parents of large families can thus be rid of their offspring for a time by shooting them out into the courtyard where they can amuse themselves in safety.

Town planning should definitely be encouraged, preferably controlled by a body of people with artistic tendencies, and not



by a collection of people with purely mundane views. One of the most important groups it is necessary to impress with the value of planning is speculative builders, who at the moment plant their houses down anywhere and in any order. One possibility here is to take an old mansion house, and make that the nucleus of building activities. In discussing London's shopping streets, Mr. Fenner Brockway said that it is obviously impossible for any uniformity to be obtained unless a scheme for a complete street is contemplated. Kingsway has the basis of a well-built street but, unfortunately, one or two monstrosities have been allowed to mar what would otherwise

have been a good effort. The skyline on the north of the Thames has greatly improved recently, but there is still much to be done on the south side. Mr. Fenner Brockway seems to be vastly impressed with the progress of architecture in other countries, especially with regard to model flats and to housing generally.



**MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE** realizes that many changes are bound to happen, and although he is not in sympathy with all of them, he accepts them as inevitable. He had been reading *Modernism*, by Sir Reginald Blomfield, and strongly disagrees with the author's view that this generation lives only for the present and that the past has no meaning for it; he also disagrees with the plea that the old order of things should be retained. He thinks too little progress is made, because too many people are allowed control. Result—muddle. Example: ten years ago he could leave his island of Barra on Monday morning and be in Paris by Tuesday evening. Now, by the same route, he leaves on Monday morning, but doesn't arrive till Thursday evening. All because the time schedule has now been reorganized in an attempt to include too many ports of call. Nothing to do with architecture, admittedly, but it just shows . . .

His complaints about London are chiefly about traffic and ill-timed road repairs. For pedestrians in towns he would like to see moving platforms. They were brought into use at the Paris Exhibition in 1900, so the time-lag is sufficiently respectable for the idea to be adopted now. Shop-gazers could then pause undisturbed, without the curses of those who hurry on. He sees no objection to higher buildings as long as there is uniformity, and he would like to see corners of London, such as Clifford's Inn, preserved, more from an historical than an architectural point of view.

Mr. Mackenzie is convinced that the country house, which was so popular about 1900, will disappear, and its place be taken by country clubs. Small cottages will probably remain. In towns, he suggests that flat life will prevail almost entirely.



He approves of the principle of garden cities and their layout, but dislikes the way a certain stigma seems to be attached to their inhabitants.

The fact that individualism today is diminishing disturbs him, so does the lack of staying power behind the efforts of the present generation. He partly blames the growing accessibility of comfort. Before the war, a man had to be really keen on his job to succeed, and probably had to overcome many difficulties. Today a measure of success is fairly easily attainable, so less effort is made. The result is that work is badly finished. He thinks that the average level is higher nowadays, but that conditions are against the great individual. Today, in his opinion, there are possibly two young authors who may survive—the rest will fade out. He emphasized the point that *critics of every art are, for the most part, afraid to be honest and to censure severely where necessary.*

He considers there is one advantage resulting from the war. It turned the nation's fixed ideas upside down, and indirectly roused public interest in surroundings. But perhaps because of the war people now find it difficult to get a thrill. In 1912 in New York he experienced a tremendous thrill from the skyscrapers and coloured lights, but he has found nothing to move him in the same way since. The young man who goes to New York for the first time today gets no real thrill out of skyscrapers, as he has seen them so often in films.

He is convinced that nothing can be done without intelligent planning by vigorous and energetic men, who will doubtless be unpopular, but who will tackle questions as a whole.



One need hardly say that MR. A. P. HERBERT was interviewed in a pub. The whole object of architecture, he said at once, should be to obstruct the progress of motor cars. Instead the tendency is to remove every decent building, so that the motor cars can go a bit faster. Then if

there is any space over that isn't wanted for the roadway, new factories and offices are put up that can't be let.

Mr. Herbert points out that it is clear to any intelligent person that a river should be for the use of the people who live by it—the Thames should be for the use of the people who live in London. It should be flanked by houses and gardens, or in the centre of the town by cafés, restaurants, pubs and so on. But what do our planners say? They said on the north side, and very soon they will be saying on the south side, if they aren't already saying it, "Oh, we must have an embankment." In other words a road for motor cars. Mr. Herbert is very emphatic that if there must be a road for motor cars by a river, it should be behind the houses and gardens and cafés and restaurants and pubs, not in front. He doesn't call proper development another Thames embankment where anybody who goes to look at the river is instantly killed by a tram or motor car. He thinks the new Lambeth Bridge is appalling. Underneath it is partly of concrete, partly of steel, and partly of God knows what. Charing Cross Bridge looks rather nice from the river. He likes Somerset House, Fishmongers' Hall, Customs House, Houses of Parliament, Shell Mex clock. He dislikes Adelaide House. The most striking item in the Whitehall skyline is Whitehall Court, which looks rugged and magnificent from the river, dwarfing Shell Mex and all the others.

To Mr. Herbert another advantage of the river is that there are no advertisements, or very few. The P.L.A. sees to that. One of the exceptions is the pubs. Although he is often widely accused of being in the pay of brewers he cannot help deploring the fact that they seem to revel in advertisement—they even have things painted on their roofs. He says that he likes pubs, he likes sitting in them and likes drinking beer in them, and so does any normal and healthy man. But he thinks that the brewers lay themselves open to attack by plastering their houses with advertisements for Fiddlewig's Ales, Fiddlewig in huge letters and "The Blue Moon" in tiny ones. Mr. Herbert would like to see the disappearance of all the tin hoardings. Instead each house should have a flag—the Fiddlewig House the Fiddlewig flag—and by that flag could be known the makes of ales obtainable inside. All pubs should simply have signs and flags, and not a word about beer. If a pub was a place of breeding, sometimes the only place of breeding in a street, the case against it would go. Mr. Herbert thinks a pub is a place for men, a place for poets, a place for social life. The emphasis should not be on the beer, but on the bonhomie. If only the brewers would realize this, the case against them would disappear.

If the P.L.A. has done its part by banning advertisements on ships, everybody on the waterfront ought to do the same. And not only on the waterfront, but on the road-front, on the streetfront, on the housefront. Mr. Herbert does not consider that a city is a place for selling wares in 6 ft. letters. It is a place for civilized people to live in, and the river is the centre of the city—if any city is lucky enough to have a river.



MR. JULIAN HUXLEY is hoping that during the next thirty-three and a third years England may make great strides in architectural development. There has been some indication of such movement during the past five years. England began the Industrial Revolution, and other countries profited by it when she had made the initial experiments. In the first third of the century other countries have been experimenting, architecturally; and now it rests with England to reap the benefit. The period 1901-1934 falls into two categories: pre- and post-war. Before the war there was a feeling of security and comfort, which was naturally reflected in the buildings which were erected; for instance, the rather solid country house. Nowadays there is everywhere a feeling of unrest. One of the weaknesses of the last thirty-three and a third years has been the lack of planning, which must be the basis of all development from now on. Planning should be nationally financed and regionally controlled—regionally and not municipally, as municipal authorities generally have not got enough imagination. Regional Land Trusts should be set up, in which the ownership of land would be vested, the present owners becoming shareholders in the Trust. This would make for better management, more continuity and the possibility of proper planning.

Mr. Huxley is hoping that before long a commission will be appointed to survey the whole of London. And also that statistics may be got out giving a census of land ownership. At the moment there are no figures easily available—they have to be painfully extracted from files when wanted. He thinks the best solution to the overcrowding problem is to build blocks of flats, with open spaces between, as opposed to individual houses. Flats enable costs to be reduced all round, and although people may prefer their own houses, they would rather live in flats than have no homes at all. To solve the slum problem, he would like to see a Housing Minister, who will have the courage to take the necessary violent steps. The Minister must have strong national financial backing; he would have under him regional managers to control progress in their areas.

Mr. Huxley likes the lay-out of garden cities, but thinks their architecture might be improved. The builder of small houses has, probably, made the least progress of all: he has been content to accept the "petty bourgeois" taste for Tudor-bethan.

Especially in the last few years too little attention has been paid to future developments. For example, air ports in the centre of cities will soon have a large part to play; and provision will have to be made to allow for the landing of autogiros. He confesses that the modern style of building with the flat roof does need getting used to, but can be got used to—he instanced the head master's house at Dartington, Totnes. Mr. Huxley is one of the few people who not only knows what he is talking about, but focuses his sense of proportion with the help of a sense of humour. He is much more interested in the next third of the century than in the first.



MR. WILSON HARRIS, the editor of *The Spectator*, endured his interview in a room where the sunlight was streaming through large windows, and it must have been the general atmosphere of well-being that prompted a discussion of the miseries of slum-dwellers. He is so emphatic and insistent that something should be done to enable England to claim that she has no slum areas, that he says that he personally would rather pay high taxes and rates than see any slackening in slum clearance.

When asked for his views on the progress of architecture, he pointed out that he could say nothing from a technical point of view, and his views were derived only from observation. He has the impression that architecture during the last thirty-three and a third years has become simpler, has tended to a greater conformity, but that it is perhaps less interesting because less varied. Present-day architects give a clearer idea of the function of their buildings, because people now demand a reason and a use for everything.

Mr. Wilson Harris would like to see garden cities encouraged, if planned from the first by far-sighted and imaginative architects, and not just allowed to develop aimlessly.

They must be controlled by some sort of organization, and it is necessary for such a communal existence to have certain restrictions, irksome though they may be to many people.



Architecture is one of the arts in which MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY is less interested—he prefers literature and music, and has even turned his attention to them; but he admits that he is observant, and offers some critical comments. He thinks that architecture is just beginning to emerge from a period of stagnation. He would like to see all buildings preserved that were erected before about 1850, and all buildings from 1850 to just after the war scrapped and rebuilt in the definite style that has become apparent during the last five years. He is impressed by the bland way in which Georgian architecture can be associated with modern buildings. He thinks that London's shopping streets at the moment are at a bad intermediary stage, and hopes one day to see a Regent Street that is just as lovely as was Nash's Regent Street.

Mr. Priestley loathes individual small houses that are plastered about on an estate without relation to any others. He would rather have them built round a square or in a line. A row does give a certain amount of privacy, as a house can then only be overlooked from two sides, and not from all round. While individual liberty should not be interfered with, he thinks that speculative builders ought to be persuaded to put up reasonable houses, as their work is inflicted upon the public so much.

He feels very strongly that towns should be prevented from becoming too unwieldy, with straggling buildings, and should have definite boundaries. He suggests that instead of looking for new sites on the outskirts, some of the unsold and unlet property in the centre should be brought into use. He points out the stupidity of erecting workmen's dwellings so far away from the scene of their activities that they can't afford to live in them. To help this last problem, Mr. Priestley would like to see a national authority established with a really sound knowledge of planning.

Mr. Priestley thinks that London could

make much more of the Thames than it does, especially on the south side. It is the north side that has been developed so far, and it is the people on that bank who have to suffer by being confronted with the appalling chaos of the opposite bank. He says that although at one time by-pass roads might have helped to solve the traffic problem, so many buildings have gradually been allowed to creep up on either side that congestion is as bad as it was before.

The two points that Mr. Priestley emphasizes are, first, that houses should not be allowed to spring up anyhow and, secondly, that towns should have a limit of expansion rigidly fixed.



MR. GERALD BARRY seems a little aghast at being confronted with questions about the development of architecture.

He thinks one of the most pressing needs of today is to relieve the transport problem. In the country he suggests that a separate path by the side of the road will be the only solution, with stated crossing places. Pedestrians will be forbidden the road, except at these points. He points out that it is forbidden by law to walk along a railway track; why not along the road? In large towns roads must be widened to avoid the horrors of congestion. This will mean that whole streets will have to be replanned, but Mr. Barry wouldn't like to see a great increase in height; this will merely mean an added volume of transport. He draws attention to two bad bits of planning. First, that the widening of the Strand was begun 25 years ago, is about to be completed now, and is already out of date. And, secondly, that although it is hoped to develop London on the North side of the Thames, Lambeth Bridge, which has just been erected, will not take a large enough volume of traffic.

Mr. Barry welcomes the decision of the L.C.C. to demolish Waterloo Bridge and build a new one. He realizes that drastic steps must be taken if any real progress is to be made. He suggests that one of the tasks of the new L.C.C. should be to appoint a commission to survey London as a whole from the aspect of town planning. Reports have been drawn up in certain areas, but nothing has been done for the whole.

He anticipates the time when flats, at any



rate in towns, will entirely take the place of houses. The spirit of individualism today is not so strong as it was a few years ago, and people don't demand their own characteristic houses as they did. Living in flats, too, is a much better economic proposition. But he would like to see flats built with balconies, gardens, and planned to allow facilities for sport. He thinks that it is only in the last few years that England has made any progress towards a definite new style of architecture to replace the period of chaos and decadence that succeeded the pre-Victorian tradition. Because travel is so much easier and facilitates exchange of ideas, styles in architecture today are less costively national than they were.



MR. A. CHRISTIANSEN, joint editor of the *Daily Express*, says that he can give no actual comparisons between architecture today and that of 1901, as he wasn't born then. While driving along the Embankment one evening he noticed the railings were exactly the same as they have always been—ornate, heavy and ugly. He questions whether this is thoughtlessness and lack of realization of their horror, or merely lack of money. He thinks that the skyline on the north side of the Thames from Thames House to the Houses of Parliament is greatly improved, and would like to see some effort made on the opposite bank.

He thinks that the ideal way to solve London's traffic problems would be to straighten out streets on the New York plan. But he also points out the difficulty of this, as London is built round a winding river. When in New York last year he discovered the system of street numbering enabled him to find his way moderately easily; in London this is practically impossible without asking for direction at least three times.

He feels that for many people houses will always be more popular than flats. He draws attention to the fact that the Englishman has an innate pride in his own house, and gets an absurd thrill out of crossing his own front door. He would like some sort of control to be exercised over garden cities to make the houses more modern. He considers that builders have made little progress, except to put in slightly wider windows.

He seems a little afraid that architects today may pay too much attention to exteriors, and not enough to interiors. He welcomes the simplicity of the exterior of the *Daily Express* building as opposed to that of the *Daily Telegraph*, but admits that to the layman its modern appearance needs getting used to in such a street as Fleet Street.



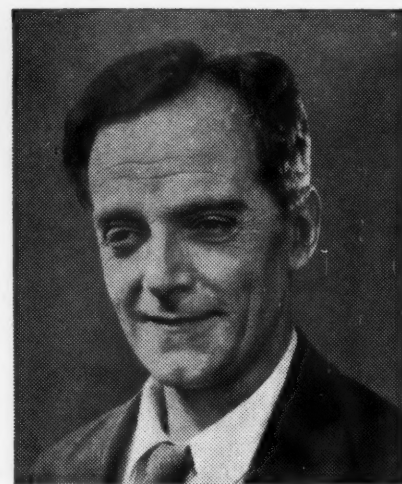
MR. JIMMY WALKER, the famous ex-Mayor of New York, who is having a holiday in England, explains that as an American he is reluctant to offer any gratuitous opinions, but he is so extraordinarily interested in the housing problem that he is prepared to make one or two suggestions. He thinks that the only way to provide really healthy living conditions for working-class people is to build blocks of flats round a square, where children can be pushed out and where the sun can be allowed to penetrate. He prefers this to small separate houses, as individually the overhead cost is reduced. In a block of flats, the ground rate is shared by everybody instead of burdening only one family, and overhead costs altogether are reduced. It is difficult to keep rents low enough when a good deal of space is not being occupied for building, and in Mr. Walker's opinion there is only one solution. That is to have shops on the ground floor, for which normal rents are chargeable. This scheme has worked successfully in New York.

He says that one of the suggested schemes for New York contains blocks of multiple dwellings, 8 storeys high, with elevators. In order to even out the overhead cost of the elevator shafts, 4-storey blocks with stairs only were put up in between the 8-storey blocks, and quite a pleasing façade is retained. (The term "multiple dwelling" is used in New York rather than "tenement," which in England suggests poverty.)

Mr. Walker points out that when London was first planned, no one had the slightest idea that motor cars would be invented to complicate traffic problems, and that it grew too quickly to allow intelligent planning. Much the same happened in New York City, which grew to its present enormous size in 75 years. There it was soon obvious that expansion could take place only

in one or two ways, either up or down, as New York City is on Manhattan Island, and already the limits had been reached. So development had to take place up and down. In New York, all public utility services, such as trains, cables, etc., are sub-surface. Besides the many-storied sky-scrapers, buildings often have three storeys below ground level, and some stores have as many as eight. This makes air-conditioning vital. The snag to expanding up and down is the transport question and the awful congestion. Mr. Walker admits that in New York the outlay on traffic signals, electric flashing signs, and police to control traffic is enormous.

He likes the way it is possible in London to shop from one's own car in the shopping streets, and he likes the fact that shopping centres are scattered—for instance, Regent Street, Knightsbridge and High Street, Kensington. It all helps to solve the transport problem and to avoid congestion.



MR. DONALD CALTHROP regrets that nowadays very few theatres are being built. He thinks the theatre should be an absurd place; it should be the sort of place that, when you go into it, you want to pack it up and take it home. He thinks that Collins's Theatre at Islington and the Haymarket are definitely theatres, but regrets that the Court has been entirely spoilt by unsuitable redecoration.

Mr. Calthrop complains that people are always making things different, but questions if they make them any better. For instance, the new Café Royal has only one possible room, which is the old Grill Room. He hates the whole of Liberty's, with its half-timbered back and its revolting curved front. He loathes Grosvenor House, Dorchester House and all the "houses" in Park Lane that try to make it look like a fifth rate Fifth Avenue where it gets into Central Park. Park Lane once resembled Brighton sea-front, and was adorable. He detests these new reproductions of bad foreign buildings. A man can be judged by his reproductions, he says, and most of the people who are responsible for buildings in London ought to get a life sentence. Put up modern buildings by all means; but let them be good buildings, like the new flats in Berlin, which are beautiful, convenient, cheap and comfortable.









# ANTHOLOGY

## Historical Extract—Pre-War

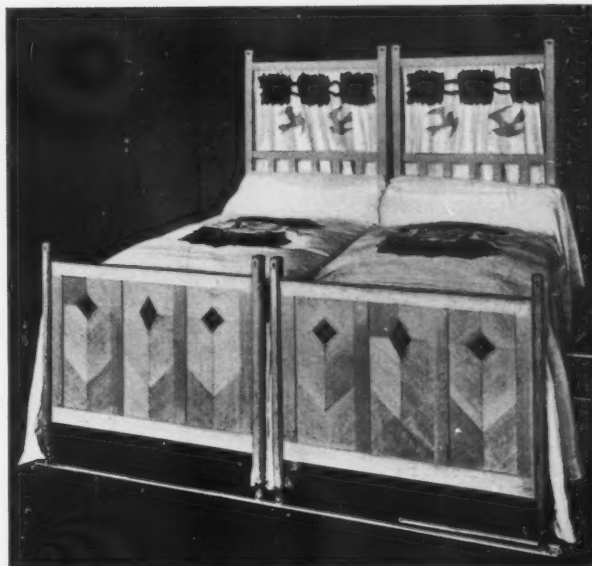
1901

Industrialism had created hideous towns all over England; railways had scored the face of the country. The time had hardly yet come for perceiving that views of his which went deeper than the mere external aspects of commercialism were not lost. A few years later Liberalism, revived and strengthened, was putting into practice economic theories which, when Ruskin propounded them, were dismissed as even more impracticably idealist than his desire to stop destruction of scenery. He had pleaded so mightily for hills and valleys, for gardens and houses, over which the torrent of industrialism was pouring, that men had forgotten his pleadings for the people caught in the same torrent. He himself, aged and disappointed, could not detect the indications that the spirit of his protests was already at work in the new conditions. But there was a growing demand for some respect on the part of public authorities for canons of beauty in building. It could be discerned in this year, for instance, in the newspaper correspondence about the new road which was being driven from the Strand to Holborn. Holywell Street, Wych Street and the rookeries of Clare Market had been cleared in the course of the great street improvement undertaken by the London County Council. Here, said the critics, was a noble opportunity for street designing; and the council was besought to lay down a general design, and stipulate that lessees of sites should adhere to it in their buildings. A favourite plan was that of Sir Frederick Bramwell, for building on the model of the Rows, at Chester, with covered arcades on the street level and on the first-floor level. In the same spirit the plans for a new Central Criminal Court were scrutinized; nay, even the determination to demolish Newgate was called in question. Taste had swung so far from the mere appreciation of prettiness in architecture, current twenty years earlier, that the grim solidity, the blank dignity, of the old prison were felt to be a possession. An opportunity for a more obvious prodding of official callousness to considerations of art was provided by the very narrow escape of the National Gallery in June. A fire broke out on premises at the Western end of the gallery, and people suddenly awoke to the fact that, not only was the gallery not isolated from buildings in ordinary use, with all the dangers of artificial light and heating but that no supervision whatever was exercised over those buildings; a flimsy structure with a tarred-felt roof had actually been put upon the top of the house next to the gallery. Fortunately the stupidity was so flagrant that steps were at once taken to destroy adjoining buildings, and isolate the gallery. In two specific matters the year 1900 marked itself as belonging to a new time in art. Firstly, the era of enormous prices for old masters was opening; at the sale of the Peel heirlooms in May (the sequel to an interesting case which had tested the power of the law to permit the dispersal of heirlooms), two Vandyck portraits fetched £24,250. Secondly, at the Exhibition of the new English Art Club, in April, the work of a new-comer, William Orpen, was the first-fruits of a group at the Slade School bringing a fresh combativeness to bear upon the slow-moving British taste. Between these two movements—the incursion into the market of certain wealthy Americans, who frankly, not pretending to knowledge of art, aimed at the safety of old masters, and the strong backing of the young painters in England by a young generation of art critics—the day of high prices for Royal Academicians was over.

In other arts there was also a stirring of dry bones. Theatrical managers, long accustomed to the public's meek acceptance of their rather stale fare, were perturbed by signs of impatience in gallery and pit. The newspapers late in the year contained long discussions on the propriety or impropriety of "booing" plays. Certainly there must have been a new kind of theatrical public when Mr. Bernard Shaw could have a play staged in the ordinary course of commercial speculation; "You Never Can Tell" was produced in May. The dancing of Miss Isadora Duncan, on the other hand, though very favourably noticed, was rather ahead of its time. She appeared in London in March; but there was no real interest in dancing as an art, and she did not aim at the sensational.

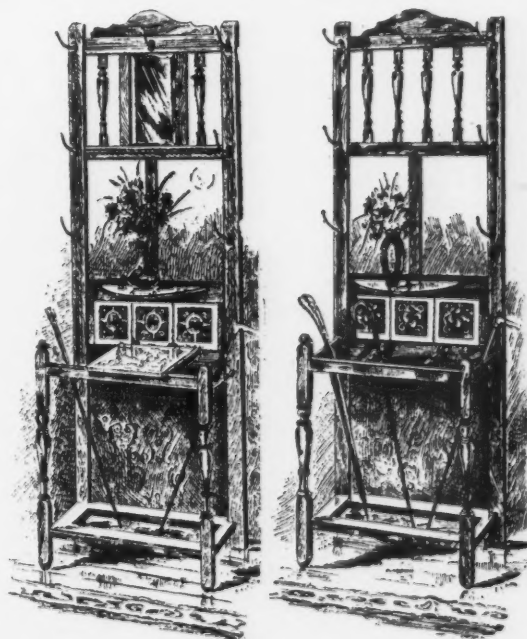
# MARGINALIA

PERIOD 1901-1934



Specimen of Voice Crying in Wilderness—

Twin Bedsteads from Heal's Catalogue in the first year of the new century



Two Period Pieces:

Circa 1901. From Harrods' Catalogue of that date.

## ANTHOLOGY [CONTINUED]

1908

The summer brought a new amusement, the great exhibition ground at Shepherd's Bush. It was a much more magnificent affair than Earl's Court, where the Londoner had first learned to stroll about and listen to bands. The new ground was more spacious, and modern methods of building, with iron frames and reinforced concrete walls, had conjured up, on what had been almost a swamp, a small city of structures of most entertaining flamboyance. They were occupied this year by a Franco-British Exhibition; and the entente cordiale was still fresh enough to render the show very popular. The President of the French Republic paid a state visit to King Edward in May, and they visited the exhibition together. With its gardens, its waterways, its electric lights, its loggia restaurants, the White City sprang into a well-advertised popularity; its amusements, such as the flip-flap and the scenic railway, suggested that the last traces of British self-consciousness had disappeared.

R. H. GRETTON

A MODERN HISTORY OF THE  
ENGLISH PEOPLE. VOL. II.  
[GRANT RICHARDS]

### Retrospect in 1915

Modern architecture is in many ways unsatisfactory, and to many people it is disappointing to contemplate the monotonous repetitions of Rome's dull and pompous ostentation, which, under professional auspices, are made to fulfil the functions of vital architecture. Nevertheless, the incongruity of these buildings, when they come to be finished, will not be the most remarkable thing about them. The most remarkable thing about them will be the extraordinary conscientiousness and accuracy of their construction. We have got so used to this conscientiousness that we think nothing of it, but it is nevertheless the one really interesting feature about modern building. That people should take infinite care in fashioning things they love and understand is not strange; but that they should take infinite care in fashioning things they neither love nor understand is strange indeed. Yet so it is in repeated instances. Among the ugly buildings of London it is probable that the new War Office will secure in the judgment of history a high place. But let the reader the next time he passes it force his reluctant eyes to appreciate the rigid, perfect construction of every part and portion of it, and he will agree that there is something here more noteworthy even than ugliness. Not a throb of pleasure in the work itself, in the things taking shape under their hands, not a moment's pride in the thought that their fellow-citizens would look with delight at their achievement, helped on these workers. It was mere dull, stupid routine from beginning to end. And yet look at the awful precision of it all, at the stern sense of duty which reigns in every detail. Is it not evident that to these workmen the clear and exact definition of FORM is something sacred, so sacred that even when it is put to senseless uses, even when it is wholly cut off from the life of the present and made to convey only a few old classical allusions and ideas which nobody understands or cares for, they still instinctively treat form with all care and reverence? Though there may be nothing in mechanical accuracy to admire, though such scrupulousness on the surface when there is nothing within, no meaning or thought of any kind, even aggravates ugliness, yet one may admit that this kind of treatment shows where the instinctive respect both of the public and of the workman lies. Indeed it is the case that, so long as the Western artisan or craftsman retains any sense of right conduct whatever, it will be in his respect for form that it will show itself. In these days, when all the meaning it drew from life has gone out of architecture, excellence of workmanship tends to follow, and it needs no very vigilant eye to distinguish in all constructive work the signs of carelessness and scamping. But yet though the wood may be green and the paint reduced to a "lick," though the windows may let the draught in and mud may be used for mortar, still even in the most shoddily constructed suburban flats and villas the articulation of form remains perfect. Every wall is smartly flush, every angle sharp and square to a hair's breadth, every measurement accurate, every curve true.

LISLE MARCH PHILLIPPS

FORM AND COLOUR [DUCKWORTH]

## MARGINALIA [CONTINUED]

The Iron Stand

Beneath the

That of Silk—

Hall Furniture—

circa 1904. (From

the Catalogue of the

Carron Company of

that date.)



**B**UT all was not grim Gothic in those dear old days. We had the svelt line—the "slinker slouch"—suavity, elegance—and hobble skirts. From the Spring and Summer Fashions Catalogue of Thomas Wallis & Company—in 1914.





**A**ND now a glance at the civic environment which produced the "slinker slouch" of pre-war days. The iron has entered into the soul of this street—it was an age in which manufacturers cast their iron before civic authorities, with the above results. (From Vol. II of the 1900 Catalogue of Walter Macfarlane & Company.)

## A DINING ROOM AT THE HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB



From a photograph taken in the Specimen House in Hampstead Way which was furnished by Heal & Son

**B**UT there were attempts to bring the virtue of simplicity back to civilization—even as early as 1910, and the culture of Hampstead led the Empire out of the Edwardian-Jacobian wood. A page from the catalogue of a pioneer furnishing house: Heal & Son



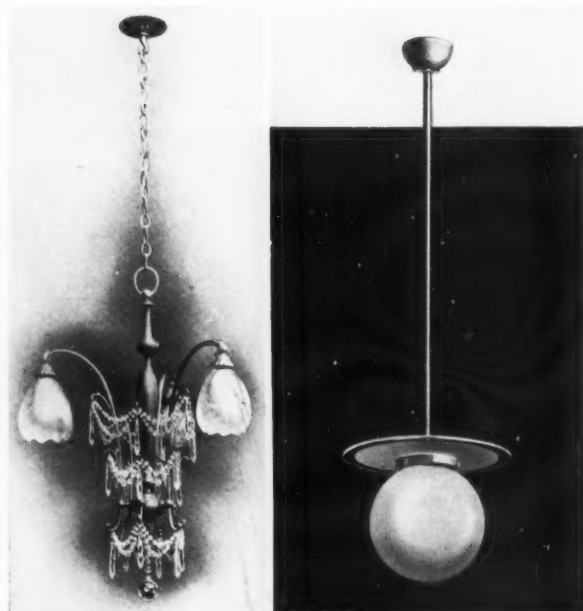
"When I get into my civies, no more soldiering for me!" Talk about emancipation—look at those post-war legs.

(From The 1921 Winter Sale Catalogue of Thomas Wallis & Company).



Now the war is over, a restful, Georgian revival gets under way to soothe the nerves of the returned heroes. Charm after destruction: England's architects and manufacturers are equal to the occasion.

(From the 1924 Booklet on the Metal Windows of Henry Hope & Sons.)



Light on functionalism: or the pre-war mind and the post-war mind at work on the same problem. Two designs from Catalogues issued by Best and Lloyd, in 1916 and 1934.



The final stage in emancipation. War service —votes for everybody except children in arms —women bus conductors, car drivers and even (and still) police-women: but, the 'twenties achieved female Pyjamas.

(From a fashion catalogue of Thomas Wallis & Company, 1924.)



FINE FURNITURE MADE IN WARING & GILLOW'S OWN FACTORY



THE COUNCIL CHAMBER  
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ARCHITECTS: Messrs WILLIAM A. PITE, SON  
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FACTORIES AT LANCASTER (ESTABLISHED 1695) LIVERPOOL AND HAMMERSMITH

# The Manufacturer: 1901—1934

By M. L. ANDERSON

**F**ATE may be very well as a Goddess, but certainly she can never have kept poultry. Every bumpkin knows that if fowls are to be healthy and prolific their corn must be thrown into chaff, to make them scratch for a living.

About one-third of a century ago the vast poultry farm known as "British Industry" was fat and well-liking; it was blissfully unaware that Fate was leading it up (if I may use a vulgarism) the garden path.

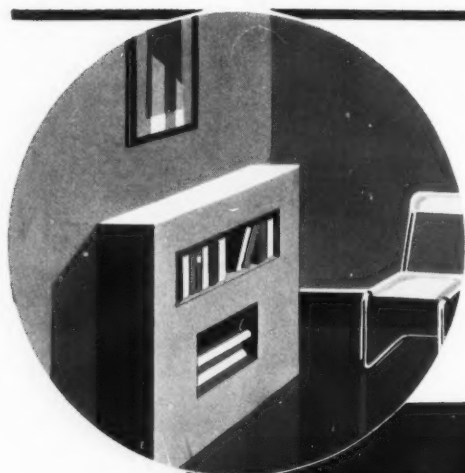
There is no reason to suppose that "depressions" did not occur, as they do now; depression succeeded boom, and boom depression, with an almost "modern" monotony. But, in spite of this devastating reflection, the fact remains that the industrialist of 1901 had a much easier, if less stimulating, existence than his successors have, thirty-three-and-one-third of a century later. The change has been gradual but cumulative; it may be said

with safety that within the last few—I was about to say *months*—there has been an evident tendency on the part of manufacturers to realize that things are not altogether what their fathers told them to believe. Changes have quietly, but very surely, been taking place in all spheres of legitimate trading; the manufacturers have played only small parts in the piece, because they had no need, in the early stages, to be aware that a piece was being played. Latterly they have taken up their parts just as the curtain was rising on the dress rehearsal—hardly knowing their lines, but conscious that something big was in the doing, and rather anxious to be included.

## A New Industrial Revolution

The manufacturer of today is aware that "times are not what they were." He finds that his goods are not so easily sold; they do not sell themselves; in

many cases he merely damns "world markets" and deplores the "export trade"; now and again he blames that most unproductive of mortals, the "business-man"—as opposed to the "industrialist"—and in all cases he may have some fair element of right on his side. But the plain fact remains that in the majority of cases the manufacturer is himself largely to blame; normal progress, punctuated by the Great War, has produced (to begin with gradually, and latterly with a strange suddenness), a revolution of a most complex kind, in all matters even remotely affecting the producer. Over the course of thirty years the change has been so gradual that one cannot, throughout the trades, find lines of demarcation which might allow any true mathematical analysis; all the same a general review is not impossible, nor is it valueless, because this past third of the twentieth century may well be the precursor of the next one, and we can



## PANEL FIRE SURROUND

Nitrostone faithfully reproduces the appearance of stonework on any surface—wood, metal, etc.

It is supplied either for brush or spray application in a large variety of colours.

The illustration shows a simple surround for a panel fire constructed of plywood, and many similar uses for Nitrostone will suggest themselves to the architect.

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**3**  
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DECORATIVE  
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STONE

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# 120 YEARS OF BUILDING



The site of the firm's Gray's Inn Road works as it was before Thomas Cubitt, the founder, erected his first workshops in 1815

The Cubitt tradition for fine workmanship combined with modern organisation is as alive today as when the founder developed those vast estates which so changed the face of 19th century London.

Some Outstanding Works of the Firm since the War.

Unilever House.	Merchant Taylors' School.
South Africa House.	Wolseley House.
Devonshire House.	Auctioneers' Institute.
Downham Housing Estate.	Tate Gallery.
New County Hall.	Cox's Bank.
Midland Bank Head Offices.	Empire Flour Mills.

**HOLLAND AND HANNEN & CUBITTS LTD.**  
1, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.1

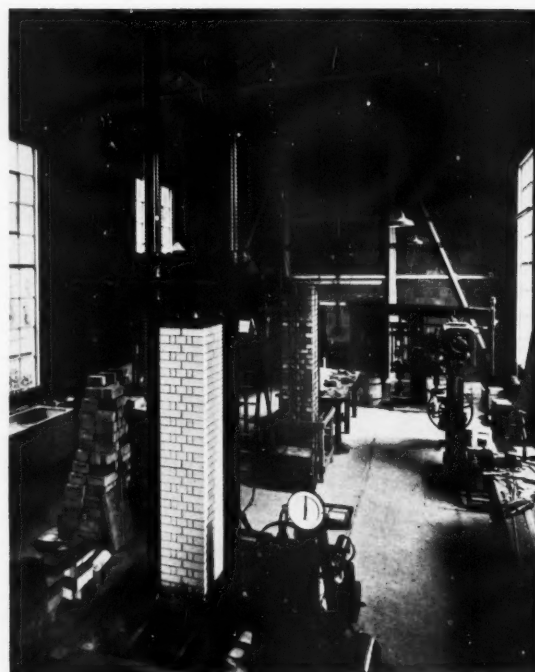
at least accept, at face value, the lessons of opportunities lost by a generation.

At the beginning of this century the manufacturer found himself in what, looking back, seems seductively like Paradise. He had methods of producing which were far enough past their experimental stage to be profoundly reliable; these processes gave him what goods he was content to make; and he was confident that there was a public which (being not yet goaded into thought, but still glamourised by the easy access to cheap and dependable goods) would certainly buy whatever he made. He had, besides, virtually no foreign competition. (Thus did Fate forget the chaff.)

### Three Problems for the Producer

Today the producer finds three very large problems looming in front of him; as he regards them they assume (or *should* assume) greater and more important size; they are: First, the things to be manufactured; Second, the method of their production; and Third, the method of their selling or distribution.

It may be argued that this was the case thirty years ago. But at that time things were very much easier. *What* the manufacturer made (provided it were clearly useful or accepted as ornamental) would be bought because the public had not learned discrimination in buying. *How* he made it was of no concern to any but himself, since he had little, if any, direct competition to make him scrape for cheaper methods. The *selling* of his goods presented small difficulty because, again, competition was almost non-existent and there was a virtual shortage of everything machine-produced. It is hardly surprising that, brought up to such a merry life, the



**THE ENGINEERING TESTING LABORATORY AT THE BUILDING RESEARCH STATION, WATFORD.** *Intimate and detailed knowledge of the scientific properties of building materials becomes of ever increasing importance. The attitude of architects to the unbiased pronouncements of the Government research stations is tending to stimulate the co-operation of manufacturers.*



OLD BLEACH

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**furnishing linens**

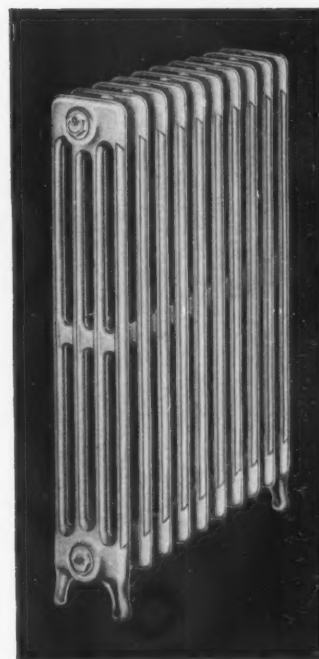


# PROGRESS ==



The great advance made in the design of radiators for central heating is well exemplified by the accompanying illustrations. From the earlier cumbersome type with its highly ornamental and dust collecting contours, large water content and slow circulation has gradually evolved the modern Ideal Neo-Classic with its slender columns, rapid circulation, neat appearance and compactness.

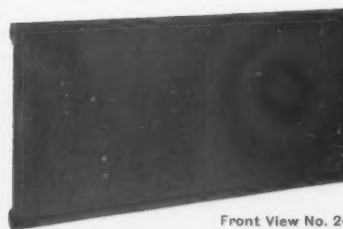
The outcome of many years' intensive study and tests in fully equipped laboratories, combined with constant improvement in manufacturing process at our Hull Works (now covering 50 acres), the Ideal Neo-Classic is accepted everywhere, and acknowledged by imitation, to be the highest standard in present-day design of this type of radiator.



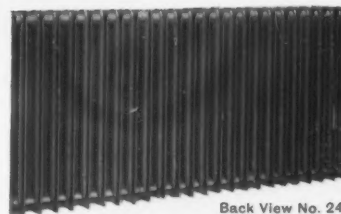
MORE RECENT STILL

IDEAL  
**RAYRAD**

The Radiant Radiator



Front View No. 24.



Back View No. 24.

No. 24 Rayrad fitted beneath windows at the Shell-Mex Building, Strand.

No floor space occupied—flat surface—readily made inconspicuous.

A further development of the Ideal Rayrad, the No. 35, is cast in sections comprising a series of vertical and horizontal waterways to which are attached sheet steel plates of variable size to suit conditions. Descriptive printed matter on request.

**NATIONAL RADIATOR COMPANY**  
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Ideal Works, HULL, Yorks.

Showrooms - LONDON - HULL - BIRMINGHAM

## TRADE AND CRAFT

now retired, or retiring, generation should have found it difficult to acclimatize itself to certain fundamental changes.

### "Standard" Production and "Mass" Production

So far as method of production is concerned—and this applies with special force in the building trade—an old problem has become aggravated and widespread; it is the distinction between "standard" production and "mass" production. In both cases the craftsman (as such) is eliminated and the goods are made largely by machine; but, in the second case, enormous output is needed to justify this means of cheap manufacture; while a demand just too small to justify *mass* production raises the cost of manufacture out of knowledge.

At this point, therefore, the third of the producer's problems comes to interlace with the first, because the matter of disposing of manufactured goods has become so complicated that the manufacturer normally wishes to have some forecast of what he can sell be-

fore he makes it. To his rescue comes the trader or merchant. But this necessary intermediary between producer and ultimate consumer does not always benefit the *individual* manufacturer; he is certainly of value in that, by presenting to the public a wide range of products from various makers, he makes consumption easier; but it is not his object to sell specially the wares of any one producer; in fact, it is rather his object to keep terms with *all* the people from whom he buys, regardless of quality or merit. He must, under present accepted methods of trading, be suspicious of every innovation which the manufacturer may suggest to him, because

The Architectural Review, May 1934.



AT THE BUILDING CENTRE, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON. The influence of this permanent exhibition of building materials, as also of the Building Trades Exhibition, is towards a more intelligent choice of materials by architects, who are less and less inclined to be content with a small number of products used largely out of habit.

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*These two advertisements are separated in time by a short ten years, during which the awkward name of the advertiser had become crystallized into one element. It is interesting to note that though the blunt directness of that above accords well with the modern desire to 'get the message across without frills', the inability to handle the arrangement of types frustrates the purpose as compared with the more intelligent arrangement of the comparatively complex material on the right.*



### Seeing French Gothic

A tourist in France can cash his own cheques anywhere. The Manager at your own Branch will be pleased to pave the way in Chartres, say, and Bourges, and Auxerre, so that your drawings may be honoured within pre-arranged limits. The business at this end takes only a few moments; nothing but a cheque-book need be carried, and the utmost ease and safety are enjoyed

WESTMINSTER BANK  
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a permanent exhibition of over one hundred fireplaces and stoves in modern and period settings. You are cordially invited to inspect, and your enquiries will be appreciated. An illustrated and fully descriptive Catalogue may be had from the patentees and makers:—Sidney Flavel & Co., Ltd., Established Stovemakers in the reign of King George III, 237, The Foundries, Leamington, and at 38, Welbeck Street, London, W.1.





he has no guarantee that it has a ready sale; and he knows that any direct effort on his part to sell it will cost him money, whereas he can do very well with the products which he normally stocks and "has been selling for years." He may even resent the action of a manufacturer who forces new products into the market; he cannot well be without a stock of them, but is reluctant to devote warehouse space to goods of whose sale he is uncertain.

Unquestionably it lies in the power of the merchants throughout the building trade to stimulate the demand for certain products; but can they be expected to do so? No matter how confident a merchant may be of the quality of a particular product, he must, as a trader in many things, consider each in relation to the others.

#### Exploration by Manufacturers

The manufacturer, therefore, who is either conscious of the shortcomings of his products, or wishes to develop his business, is, under the system commonly

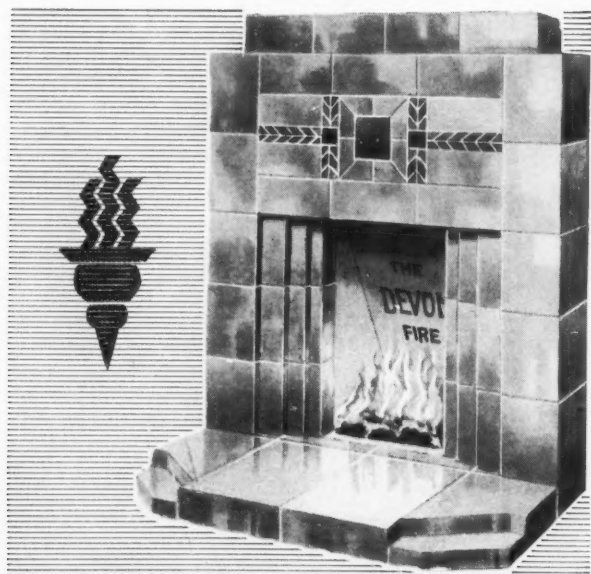
existing today, virtually debarred from taking any action whatever; he has no direct knowledge of what to make, and, at the same time, some excuse for supposing that a new thing will find only a very small (because accidental) market. It is nobody's business to see that all the world hears of it. It is this situation which gives the progressive manufacturer food for much thought; he has new and superior methods of production at hand; he sees their potentialities; but he can do nothing—unless he is prepared to double the parts of maker and (as it were) guarantor to the merchants that these new goods will sell.

During the last few years the manufacturer has found himself beset on all sides. Acute and ever-growing competition from established and upstart materials and firms; this same competition tending to lessen the possibility of making cheaply and in mass; ever and more rapidly changing requirements from consumers; the waning popularity of once "essential" materials; and, not least important, an attitude in the merchant which has made

him content merely to "trade," and to ignore his possibly true function of adviser and intermediary.

#### Liaison Between Manufacturer and Ultimate Consumer

Already one or two manufacturers have made their reply to this agglomeration of adverse circumstances. The next "third" of this century will see the idea developed and enlarged. If the merchant will do nothing in the matter, then the producer must; he must himself keep in direct touch with the man who ultimately will use his product. He must, if possible (while keeping abreast of today's demand) forecast and prepare for—even create—tomorrow's. In the building trade the producer's problem is made easier of solution, because he knows the exact limits of his sphere of operations. And it is unquestionable that the next thirty-odd years will see the manufacturer meeting face to face the man on whom he ultimately depends, and discussing in a frank and rational way the problems which affect them both.



Design S348

## 'THE Devon FIRE'

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